THE FAITHFVLL Shepheardesse.

By IOHN FLETCHER.

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my loved friend Mr John Fletcher
his Picture

To my lou'd friend M. Iohn Fletcher, on his Paſtorall.

CAn my approuement (Sir) be worth your thankes?
Whoſe vnknowne name and muſe (in ſwathing clowtes)
Is not yet growne to ſtrength, among theſe ranks
To haue a roome and beare off the ſharpe flowtes
Of this our pregnant age, that does deſpiſe
All innocent verſe, that lets alone her vice.

But I muſt iuſtifie what priuately,
I cenſured to you: my ambition is
(Euen by my hopes and loue to Poeſie)
To liue to perfect ſuch a worke, as this,
Clad in ſuch elegant propriety
Of words including a mortallitie.

So ſweete and profitable, though each man that heares,
(And learning has enough to clap and hiſſe)
Ariues not too't, ſo miſty it appeares;
And to their filmed reaſons, ſo amiſſe:
But let Art looke in truth, ſhe like a mirror,
Reflect her confort, ignorances terror

Sits in her owne brow, being made afraid,
Of her vnnaturall complexion,
As ougly women (when they are araid
By glaſſes) oath their truer-flection,
Then how can ſuch opinions iniure thee,
That tremble at their owne deformitie?

Opinion, that great foole, makes fooles of all,
And (once) I feard her till I met a minde
Whoſe graue inſtructions philoſophicall,
Toſſ'd it like duſt vpon a march ſtrong winde,
He ſhall for euer my example be,
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

His ſoule (and ſuch commend this) that commaund
Such art, it ſhould me better ſatisfie,
Then if the monſter clapt his thouſand hands,
And drownd the ſceane with his confuſed cry;
And if doubts riſe, loe their owne names to cleare'em
Whilſt I am happy but to ſtand ſo neere'em.

To my friend Maſter *Iohn Fletcher*, vpon his faithfull Shepheardeſſe.

I Know too well that no more then the man
That trauels through the burning deſarts, can
When he is beaten with the raging ſunne,
Halfe ſmoother'd with the duſt, haue power to runne
From a coole riuer, which himſelfe doth finde,
Ere he be ſlak'd: no more can he whoſe minde
Ioyes in the muſes, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write,
Yet wiſh I thoſe whom I for friends haue knowne,
To ſing their thoughts to no eares but their owne:
Why ſhould the man, whoſe wit nere had a ſtaine,
Vpon the publicke ſtage preſent this vaine,
And make a thouſand men in iudgement ſit,
To call in queſtion his vndoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can vnderſtand the lawes
Which they ſhould iudge by, nor the parties cauſe,
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his owne cenſure an explicite faith.
One company knowing they iudgement lacke,
Ground their beliefe on the next man in blacke:
Others, on him that makes ſignes, and is mute,
Some like as he does in the faireſt ſute,
He as his miſtreſſe doth, and ſhe by chance,
Nor wants there thoſe, who as the boy doth dance
Betweene the actes, will cenſure the whole play:
Some like if the wax lights be new that day:
But multitudes there are whoſe iudgements goes
Headlong according to the Actors cloathes.
For this, theſe publicke things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do aright to thee,
I had not beene perſwaded to haue hurld
Theſe few, ill ſpoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and cenſurd of, by thoſe,
Whoſe very reading makes verſe ſenceleſſe proſe,
Such as muſt ſpend aboue an houre, to ſpell
A challenge on a poſt, to know it well,
But ſince it was thy happe to throw away,
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Becauſe they ſaw it not, I not diſlike
This ſecond publication, which may ſtrike
Their conſciences, to ſee the thing they ſcornd,
To be with ſo much wit and art adornd.
Beſides one vantage more in this I ſee,
Your cenſurers muſt haue the qualitie
Of reading, which I am affraid is more
Then halfe your ſhrewdeſt iudges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To the worthy Author *M.* *John Fletcher.*

THe wiſe, and many-headed *Bench*, that ſits
Vpon the Life, and Death of *Playes*, and *Wits*,
(Compos'd of *Gameſter*, *Captaine*, *Knight*, *Knight's man*,
Lady, or *Puſil*, that weares maske, or fan,
Veluet, or *Taffata* cap, rank'd in the darke
With the ſhops *Foreman*, or ſome ſuch *braue ſparke*,
That may iudge for his *ſix-pence*) had, before
They ſaw it halfe, damd thy whole play, and more,
Their motiues were, ſince it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And wiſh that all the *Muſes* blood were ſpilt,
In ſuch a *Martyrdome*; To vexe their eyes,
Do crowne thy murdred *Poeme*: which ſhall riſe
A glorified worke to Time, when Fire,
or moathes ſhall eate, what all theſe Fooles admire.

Ben. Ionſon.

To his louing friend M. *Fo. Fl.t-cher* concerning his Paſtorall,

being both a Poeme and a Play.

THere are no ſureties (good friend) Will be taken
For workes that vulgar-good name hath forſaken:
A Poeme and a play too! why tis like
A ſcholler that's a Poet: their names ſtrike
Their peſtilence inward, when they take the aire;
And kill out right: one cannot both fates beare.
But, as a Poet that's no ſcholler, makes
Vulgarity his Wiffler, and ſo takes
Paſſage with eaſe, and ſtate through both ſides preaſe
Of Pageant ſeers: or as ſchollers pleaſe
That are no Poets; more then Poets learnd;
Since their Art ſolely, is by ſoules diſcernd;
The others fals within the common ſence
And ſheds (like common light) her influence:
So, were your play no Poeme but a thing
That euery Cobler to his patch might ſing:
A rout of niſles (like the multitude)
With no one limme of any Art indude:
Like would to like, and praiſe you: but becauſe,
Your Poeme onely hath by vs applauſe,
Renews the golden world; and holds through all
The holy lawes of homely Paſtorall;
Where flowers, and founts, and Nimphs, and ſemi-gods,
And all the Graces finde their old abods:
Where forreſts flouriſh but in endleſſe verſe;
And meddowes, nothing fit for purchaſers:
This Iron age that eates it ſelfe, will neuer
Bite at your golden world; that others, euer
Lou'd as it ſelfe: then like your Booke do you
Liue in ould peace: and that for praiſe allow.

G. Chapman.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Clorin a Shepheardesse hauing buried her loue in an Arbour.

HAile holy earth, whose colde armes do embrace
The trueſt man that euer fed his flockes:
By the fat plaines of fruitfull Theſſaly,
Thus I ſalute thy graue, thus do I pay
My early vowes and tribute of mine eies,
To thy ſtillloued aſhes: thus I free
My ſelfe from all enſuing heates and fires
Of loue, all ſports, delights and games,
That Shepheards hold full deare: thus put I off.
Now no more ſhall theſe ſmooth browes be girt,
With youthfull coronals, and lead the dance,
No more the company of freſh faire Maids
And wanton ſhepheards be to me delightfull.
Nor the ſhrill pleaſing ſound of merry pipes,
Vnder ſome ſhady dell, when the coole winde
Plaies on the leaues, all be farre away:
Since thou art farre away, by whoſe deare ſide,
How often haue I ſat crownd with freſh flowers
For ſummers queene, whilſt euery Shepheards boy,
Puts on his luſty greene with gaudy hooke,
And hanging ſcrippe of fineſt cordeuan:
But thou art gone, and theſe are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy deare memorie:
That ſhall out liue thee, and ſhall euer ſpring,
Whilſt there are pipes, or Iolly ſhepheards ſing.

And here will I, in honor of thy loue,
Dwell by thy graue, forgetting all thoſe ioyes,
That former times made precious to mine eyes:
Onely remembring what my youth did gaine,
In the darke hidden vertuous vſe of hearbs:
That will I practiſe, and as freely giue
All my endeauours, as I gaind them free.
Of all greene wounds I know the remedies,
In men or cattell, be they ſtung with ſnakes,
Or charmd with powerfull words of wicked art,
Or, be they loue-ſicke, or through too much heat
Growne wilde or lunaticke, their eyes or eares
Thickned with miſty filme of dulling rume,
Theſe I can cure, ſuch ſecret vertue lies
In hearbs applyed by a virgins hand:
My meat ſhall be what theſe wilde woods afford,
Berries, and Cheſnuts, Plantaines, on whoſe cheeks
The Sun ſits ſmiling, and the lofty fruit
Puld from the faire head of the ſtraite growne pine:
On theſe Ile feede with free content and reſt,
When night ſhall blinde the world, by thy ſide bleſt.

Enter a Satyre.

Sat. Through yon ſame bending plaine,
That flings his armes downe to the maine,
And through theſe thicke woods haue I runne,
Whoſe bottome neuer kiſt the Sunne
Since the luſty ſpring began,
All to pleaſe my Maſter Pan,
Haue I trotted without reſt
To get him fruit, for at a feaſt,
He entertaines this comming night,
His Paramore, the Syrinx bright:
But behold a fairer ſight, *He ſtands amazed.*
By that heauenly forme of thine,
Brighteſt faire thou art diuine:
Sprong from great immortall race
Of the gods: for in thy face,
Shines more awfull maieſty,

Then dull weake mortallitie
Dare with miſty eyes behould
And liue, therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worſhip of thy dietie,
Deigne it goddeſſe from my hand,
To receiue what ere this land,
From her firtle wombe doth ſend
Of her choiſe fruites: and but lend,
Beliefe to that the Satyre tels,
Fairer by the famous wels,
To this preſent day nere grewe,
Neuer better nor more true,
Here be grapes whoſe luſty blood,
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did neuer crowne,
The head of Bacchus, nuts more browne
Then the ſquirrils teeth that cracke them,
Deigne ô faireſt faire to take them,
For theſe blacke ey'd *Driope*,
Hath often times commanded me,
With my claſped knee to clime;
See how well the luſty time,
Hath deckt their riſing cheekes in red,
Such as on your lips is ſpred,
Here be berries for a Queene,
Some be red, ſome be greene:
Theſe are of that luſſious meat,
The great god Pan, himſelfe doth eate:
All theſe, and what the woods can yeeld,
The hanging mountaine or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long,
Will bring you more, more ſweet and ſtrong,
Till when humbly leaue I take,
Leaſt the great *Pan* do awake:
That ſleeping lies in a deepe glade,
Vnder a broad Beeches ſhade:
I muſt goe, I muſt runne,
Swifter then the fiery Sunne. *Exit.*

Clorin. And all my feares go with thee.
What greatnesse or what priuate hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission,
From this rude man, and beast? sure I am mortall:
The daughter of a Shepheard, he was mortall:
And she that bore me mortall: pricke my hand
And it will bleed: a feauer shakes me,
And the selfe same winde that makes the yong lambs (shrinke,
Makes me a cold, my feare sayes I am mortall:
Yet I haue heard (my mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keepe
My virgin flower vncropt, pure, chaste, and faire,
No Goblin, wood-god, Faiery, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyre, or other power that haunts the groues,
Shall hurt my body, or by vaine illusion,
Draw me to wander after idle fiers.
Or voyces calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,
Through mire and standing pooles, to find my ruine:
Else why should this rough thing, who neuer knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heates
Are rougher then himselfe, and more misshapen,
Thus mildely kneele to me? sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin; that bindes fast
All rude vnciuill bloods, all appitites
That breake their confines: then strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guarde, for heare I'e dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

Enter an old Shepheard, with foure couple of Shepheards and Shepheardesses.

Old Shep. Now we haue gone this holy feastiuall,
In honour of our great god, and his rights
Perform'd, prepare your selues for chaste
And vncorrupted fires: that as the Priest,
With powerfull hand shall sprinkle on your browes
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free,
Kneele shepheards kneele, here comes the Priest of *Pan.*

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepheards thus I purge away,

What-

Whatsoeuer this great day,
Or the past houres gaue not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood:
From the high rebellious heat,
Of the grapes and strength of meat.
From the wanton quicke desires,
They doe kindle by their fires.
I doe wash you with this water,
Be you pure and faire hereafter.
From your liuers and your veines,
Thus I take away the staines.
All your thoughts be smooth and faire,
Be ye fresh and free as ayre.
Neuer more let lustfull heat,
Through your purged conduits beate,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken:
In a Shepheardesses eare,
Go your wayes y'are all cleare.

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

The Song.

Sing his praises that doth keepe,
Our Flockes from harme,
Pan *the Father of our sheepe,*
And arme in arme
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground,
Fils the musicke with her sound,
Pan, *O great god,* Pan *to thee*
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keepest vs chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Euer be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morne is broke,
To that place Day doth vnyoke.

Exunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

Peri, Stay gentle *Amoret* thou faire browd maide,
Thy Shepheard prayes the stay, that holds thee deere,

Equall with his soules good:
Amo. Speake; I giue
Thee freedome Shepheard, and thy tongue be still
The same it euer was: as free from ill
As he whose conuersation neuer knew
The Court or City: be thou euer true.
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my cleane thoughts with foule desires,
First let our great god cease to keepe my flockes,
That being left alone without a guard,
The woolfe, or winters rage, sommers great heat,
And want of water, rots; or what to vs
Of ill is yet vnknowne, full speedily,
And in their generall ruine let me goe.
Amo. I pray thee gentle Shepheard wish not so,
I do beliene thee: tis as hard for me
To thinke thee false, and harder then for thee
To hold me foule. *Peri.* ô you are fairer farre,
Then the chaste blushing morne, or that faire starre,
That guides the wandring seaman through the deepe,
Straighter then straightest pine vpon the steepe
Head of an aged mountaine, and more white,
Then the new milke we strip before day light
From the full fraighted bags of our faire flocks:
Your haire more beautious then those hanging locks
Of young *Apollo*.
Amo. Shepheard be not lost,
Ye are saild too farre already from the coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not loue alone, I should not loose
Those many passions, vowes, and holy oathes,
I haue sent to heauen: did you not giue your hand,
Euen that faire hand in hostage? do not then
Giue backe againe those sweetes to other men,
You your selfe vowd were mine,
Amo. Shepheard so farre as maidens modesty
May giue assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I giue my hand, be euer free
From that great foe to faith, foule iealosie.

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire
For stronger confirmation of our loue,
To meete this happy night in that faire groue,
Where all true shepheards haue rewarded bene
For their long seruice: say sweet shall it hould;

Amo. Deere friend you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may doe,
Coupled with this dayes heate to moone your blood:
Maids must be fearefull, sure you haue not bene
Washd white enough, for yet I see a staine
Sticke in your liuer, goe and purge againe.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
My selfe and my affections are as pure,
As those chaste flames that burne before the shrine,
Of the great Dian: onely my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our trothes,
With interchange of mutuall chaste imbraces,
And ceremonious tying of our selues:
For to that holy wood is consecrate,
A vertuous well, about whose flowery bancks,
The nimble footed Faieries daunce their rounds,
By the pale mooneshine, dipping often times
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortality:
By this faire Fount hath many a Shepheard sworne,
And giuen away his freedome, many a troth
Beene plight, which neither enuy, nor ould time
Could euer breake, with many a chaste kisse giuen,
In hope of comming happinesse: by this
Fresh fountaine many a blushing maide
Hath crownd the head of her long loued shepheard,
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung,
Laies of his loue and deare captiuitie,
There growes all hearbs fit to coole looser flames,
Our sensuall parts prouoke, chiding our bloodes,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks,
That else would breake out, and prouoke our sence,
To open fres, so vertuous is that place:
The gentle Shepheardesse believe and grant,
In troth it fits not with that face to scant.

Your faithfull Shepheard of those chaste desires,
He euer aimd at, and ———

Amo. Thou hast preuaild, farewell, this comming night,
Shall crowne thy chaste hopes with long wishd delight.

Peri. Our great god *Pan* reward thee for that good,
Thou hast giuen thy poore Shepheard, faireſt bud
Of maiden vertues: when I leaue to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserue the hot polluted name,
Of the wilde woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot,
More foule diseases, then euer yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing fog
And deadly vapor from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death. *exit Amo.*

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. Shepheard may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Faire maide you may.

Amaril. Then softly thus, I loue thee *Perigot*,
And would be gladder to be lou'd againe,
Then the cold earth is in his frozen armes
To clip the wanton spring: nay do not start,
Nor wonder that I woe thee! thou that art
The prime of our young groomes, euen the top
Of all our lusty shepheards: what dull eye
That neuer was acquainted with desire,
Hath seene the wraſtle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and faire deliuery,
And hath not sparckled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veines?
Who euer heard the sing, that brought againe,
That freedome backe was lent vnto thy voyce?
Then do not blame me (Shepheard) if I be
One to be numbred in this company,
Since none that euer saw thee yet, were free.

Peri. Faire Shepheardesse much pittie I can lend,

To your complaints : but ſure I ſhall not loue :
All that is mine, my ſelfe and my beſt hopes,
Are giuen already : do not loue him then
That cannot loue againe : on other men
Beſtowe thoſe heates more free, that may returne
You fire for fire, and in one flame equall burne.
Amaril. Shall I rewarded be ſo ſlenderly
For my affection, moſt vnkinde of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art,
To giue another nature to my cheekes,
Or were I common miſtris to the loue
Of euery ſwaine, or could I with ſuch eaſe
Call backe my loue, as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightſt refuſe me Shepheard, but to thee
I am onely fixt and ſet, let it not be
A ſport, thou gentle Shepheard, to abuſe
The loue of ſilly maide,
Peri. Faire foule, ye vſe
Theſe words to little end : for know, I may
Better call backe, that time was yeſterday,
Or ſtay the comming night, then bring my loue
Home to my ſelfe againe, or recreant proue.
I will no longer hold you with delayes,
This preſent night I haue appointed beene,
To meet that chaſte faire (that inioyes my ſoule)
In yonder groue, there to make vp our loues.
Be not deceiu'd no longer, chooſe againe,
Theſe neighbouring plaines haue many a comely ſwaine,
Freſher and freer farre then I ere was,
Beſtowe that loue on them and let me paſſe,
Farewell, be happy in a better choiſe. *exit.*
Amaril. Cruell, thou haſt ſtrucke me deader with thy voyce,
Then if the angry heauens with their quicke flames,
Had ſhot me through : I muſt not leaue to loue,
I cannot, no I muſt enioy thee boy,
Though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite : there is a Shepheard dweis
Downe by the More, whoſe life hath euer ſhowne
More ſullen diſcontent then Saturnes browe,
When he ſits frowning on the birthes of men :

One

One, that doth weare himselfe away in lonenesse,
And neuer ioyes vnlesse it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutuall soules:
One that lusts after euery seuerall beauty,
But neuer yet was knowne to loue or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth,
Then *Phœbe* in her fulnesse, or the youth
Of smooth *Lyæus*, whose nye starued flockes
Are alwayes scabby, and infect all sheepe
They feede withall, whose lambes are euer last,
And dye before their waining, and whose dog,
Lookes like his Master, leane, and full of scurfe,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle: this man may
(If he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quicke thoughts could wish for. *Enter Shepheard.*

Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought vnciuill,
Thus to be partner of your lonenesse: t'was
My loue (that euer working passion) drew
Me to this place to seeke some remedie
For my sicke soule: be not vnkinde and faire,
For such, the mighty *Cupid* in his dombe
Hath sworne to be aueng'd on; then giue roome
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Inioy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burne my life away.

Amar. Shepheard, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seeme to be, meanes might be found
To cure thee of thy long paines: for to me
That heauy youth consuming miserie,
The loue sicke soule endures, neuer was pleasing;
I could be well content with the quicke easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith, and farther seruice to be sure.

Suit. Name but that great worke, danger, or what can
Be compast by the wit or Art of man,
And if I faile in my performance, may
I neuer more kneele to the rysing day.

Amar. Then thus I try thee shepheard, this same night,

That

That now comes stealing on, a gentle paire
Haue promis'd equall loue, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place, where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for euer: breake their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am euer thine.

Sull. Tell me their names, and if I do not moue
(By my great power) the center of their loue
From his fixt being, let me neuer more,
Warme me, by those faire eyes I thus adore.

Amar. Come, as we go Ile tell thee what they are,
And giue thee fit directions for thy worke. *exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How haue I wrongd the times, or men, that thus,
After this holy feast I passe vnknowne,
And vnsaluted? t'was not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of iolly shepheards: t'was not then held good,
For lusty groomes to mixe their quicker blood
With that dull humor: most vnfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastitie:
Sure I am held not faire, or am too ould,
Or else not free enough, or from my fould
Driue not a flocke sufficient great, to gaine
The greedy eyes of wealth alluring swaine.
Yet if I may belieue what others say,
My face has soile enough, nor can they lay
Iustly too strict a coynesse to my charge:
My flockes are many, and the downes as large
They feed vpon: then let it euer be
Their coldnesse, not my virgin modesty
Makes me complaine.

Enter Thenot.

Thc. Was euer man but I,
Thus truely taken with vncertainty?
Where shall that man be found that loues a minde
Made vp in constancy, and dares not finde
His loue rewarded? here, let all men know,
A wretch that liues to loue his mistresse so.

Cloe. Shepheard I pray thee stay, where hast thou beene,
Or whether goest thou? here be woods as greene

As any, ayre is fresh and sweet,
As where smooth *Zephirus* plaies on the fleet
Face of the curled streames: with flowers as many
As the young spring giues, and as choise as any:
Heere be all new delights, coole streames and wels,
Arbors are growne with wood bins, Caues, and dels,
Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of loue,
How the pale *Phœbe* hunting in a groue,
First saw the boy *Endimion*, from whose eyes,
She tooke eternall fire, that neuer dies,
How she conuaid him softly in a sleepe,
His temples bound with poppy to the steep
Head of old *Latmus*, where she stoopes each night,
Gilding the mountaine with her brothers light
To kisse her sweetest.

Thenot. Farre from me are these
Hot flashes bred from wanton heate and ease:
I haue forgot what loue and louing meant,
Rimes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft eare of Maide, are strange to me:
Onely I loue t'admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
Could euer breake vpon, so sure the molde
Is, that her minde was cast in: tis to her
I onely am reserued; she is my forme, I stirre
By, breath, and mooue: tis she and onely she
Can make me happy, or giue misery.

Cloe. Good shepheard, may a stranger craue to know,
To whome this deare obseruance you doe owe?

Thenot. You may, and by her vertue learne to square
And leuell out your life: for to be faire
And nothiug vertuous, onely fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanitie.
Then know, shee's cald the virgin of the groue,
She that hath long since buried her chaste loue,
And now liues by his graue, for whose deare soule
She hath vowd her selfe into the holy role
Of strickt virginitie, tis her I so admire,

Not any looser blood or new desire.

Cloe. Farewell poore swaine, thou art not for my bend,
I must haue quicker soules, whose words may tend,
To some free action: giue me him dare loue
At first encounter, and as soone dare proue.

The Song.

Come Shepheards come,
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay,
Greene woods are dumme,
And will neuer tell to any,
Those deere kisses, and those many
Sweete imbraces that are giuen,
Dainty pleasures that would euen
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And giue virgin blood desire.
Then if euer,
Now or neuer,
Come and haue it,
Thinke not I,
Dare deny,
If you craue it. *Enter Daphnis.*

Heere comes another: better be my speede,
Thou god of blood, but certaine if I reade
Not false, this is that modest shepheard he,
That onely dare salute, but nere could be
Brought to kisse any, holde discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly aske that wished thing
We all are borne for: one that makes louing faces,
And could be well content to couet graces,
Were they not got by boldnesse: in this thing
My hopes are frozen, and but fate doth bring
Him hether, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snowe, and freeer vse
An Euuenke to my endes: but since he is heere,
Thus I attempt him: Thou of men most deare,
Welcome to her, that onely for thy sake,
Hath bene content to liue: here boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that neuer yet
Was giuen away to any: and but sit

Downe on this rushy bancke, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossomes from the bowes, or quickly cull
The choisest delicates from yonder meade,
To make thee chaines or chaplets, or to spreade
Vnder our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall locke vp all our sences, how the sight
Of those smooth rising cheekes renue the story
Of yong Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded twixt the beating armes
Of willing Venus: me thinkes stronger charmes,
Dwell in those speaking eyes: and on that brow
More sweetnesse then the painters can allow,
To their best peeces: not *Narcissus* he:
That wept himselfe away in memorie
Of his owne beautie; nor *Siluanus* boy,
Nor the twice rauisht maid, for whom old Troy,
Fell by the hand of *Pirrhus*, may to thee,
Be otherwise compared, then some dead tree
To a young fruitfull Oliue:

Daph. I can loue,
But I am loath to say so, least I proue
Too soone vnhappy.

Cloe. Happy thou wouldst say,
My dearest *Daphnis*: blush not if the day
To thee and thy soft heates be enemie,
Then take the comming night, faire youth tis free
To all the world, shepheard Ile meet thee then
When darkenes hath shut vp the eies of men,
In yonder groue: speake shall our meeting hold;
Indeed ye are too bashfull, be more hold,
And tell me I.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairenes, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepheard thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid adue:
Yet one word more, since you haue drawne me on
To come this night, feare not to meet alone,
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright selfe would aske it, for his fill

Of this worlds goodnesse: do not feare him then,
But keepe your pointed time, let other men
Set vp their bloods to saile, mine shall be euer,
Faire as the soule it carries, and vnchast neuer. *Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer then I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should picke out these things
Whose veines like a dull riuer farre from springs,
Is still the same, slowe, heauy, and vnfit
For streame or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continuall power vpon his sides;
O happy be your names that haue bene brides:
And tasted those rare sweetes, for which I pine,
And farre more heauy be thy griefe and time,
Thou lazy swaine that maist relieue my needes,
Then his vpon whose liuer alwaies feedes
A hungry vulture. *Enter Alexit.*

Alex. Can such beautie be
Safe in his owne guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on to greedy gaze,
Or couetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giuing raine
And wished freedome to the labouring vaine;
Faireſt and whiteſt, may I craue to knowe,
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe
Thus all alone; me thinkes the downes are sweeter
And the young company of swaines more meeter,
Then those forsaken and vntroden places.
Giue not your selfe to loneneſſe, and those Graces
Hide from the eies of men, that were intended
To liue amongst vs swaines.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepheard in all my life, I haue not seene,
A man in whome greater contents hath beene,
Then thou thy selfe art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedome lost: ô lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast Morning, when from *Tithons* bed
Thou riseſt euer maiden.

Alex. If for me,

Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speake and be satisfied; ô guide her tongue,
My better angell, force may name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be,
Cloe. *Alexis*, when the sonne shall kisse the sea,
Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy wood, where Ile abide
Thy comming Shepheard.
Alex. If I stay behinde,
An euerlasting dulnesse and the winde,
That as he passeth by shuts vp the streame,
Of Reine or *volga* whilst the sunnes hot beame,
Beats backe againe, ceaze me, and let me turne
To coldenesse more then yce: oh how I burne
And rise in youth and fire: I dare not stay. *Exit*
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly fly thou day.
Cloe My griefe is great if both these boyes should faile,
He that will vse all windes must shift his saile. *Exit.*

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter an old shepheard with a bell ringing, and the Priest of Pan *following.*

Priest. Shepheards all, and maidens faire,
Fold your flockes vp, for the Aire
Ginns to thicken, and the Sunne
Already his great course hath runne.
See the dew drops how they kisse
Euery little flower that is:
Hanging on their veluet heads,
Like a rope of christal beades.
See the heauy cloudes lowde falling
And bright *Hesperus* downe calling,
The dead night from vnder ground,
At whose rysing mistes vnsound,
Damps, and vapours fly apace,
Houering ore the wanton face,

Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both budd and bloome;
Therefore from such danger locke
Euery one his loued flocke,
And let your dogs lye loose without,
Least the woolfe come as a scout
From the mountaine, and ere day
Beare a Lambe or Kid away:
Or the crafty theeuish Foxe,
Breake vpon your simple flockes,
To secure your selues from these,
Be not too secure in ease,
Let one eie his watches keepe,
Whilst the tother eie doth sleepe.
So you shall good Shepheards proue,
And for euer hold the loue
Of our great god: sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eie-lids: so farewell,
Thus I end my euenings knell. *exeunt.*

Enter Clorin the Shepheardesse sorting of hearbs, and telling the natures of them.

Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moone,
In her full light; ô you sonnes of earth,
You onely brood, vnto whose happy birth
Virtue was giuen, holding more of nature
Then man her first borne & most perfect creature.
Let me adore you; you, that onely can,
Helpe or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath, euen to the end of time,
You that these hands did crop, long before prime
Of day, giue me your names, and next your hidden power.
This is the *Clote* bearing a yellowe flowre:
And this blacke Horehound, both are very good,
For sheepe or shepheard, bitten by a wood
Dogs venomd tooth; these Ramuns branches are,
Which stucke in entries, or about the barre
That holds the dore fast, kill all inchantments, charmes,
Were they *Medeas* verses that do harmes

To men or cattell: these for frenzy be
A speedy and a soueraigne remedie.
The bitter wormewood, Sage, and Marigold,
Such simpathy with mans good they do hold:
This Tormentil, whose vertue is to part
All deadly killing poyson from the hart;
And here *Narcissus* roote, for swellings best:
Yellow *Lecimacus*, to giue sweet rest
To the faint Shepheard, killing where it comes,
All busie gnats, and euery fly that hummes:
For leprosie, Darnell, and Solloudine,
With Calamint, whose vertues do refine
The blood of Man, making it free and faire,
As the first houre it breath'd, or the best aire.
Here other to, but your rebellious vse,
Is not for me, whose goodnesse is abuse;
Therefore foule standergrasse, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustfull Turpentine,
You that intice the veines, and stirre the heat
To ciuill muteny, scaling the seate
Our reason moues in, and deluding it
With dreames and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quencht by appetite,
Robbing the soule of blessednesse and light:
And thou light *Varuin* to, thou must go after
Prouoking easie soules to mirth and laughter,
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinckle euery post, and euery bow
With thy well pleasing iuice, to make the groomes,
Swell with high mirth, as with ioy all the roomes.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
Her sex, that euer breathd, or euer shall
Giue heat or happinesse to the Shepheards side,
Doth onely to her worthy selfe abide.
Thou blessed starre, I thanke thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkenesse of sad night
Is banisht from the earth, in whose dull place

Thy chaster beames play on the heauy face
Of all the world: making the blew sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightnesse, giuing day
Againe from *Chaos*, whiter then that way
That leades to *Ioues* hye Court, and chasterfarre
Then chastity it selfe; you blessed starre
That nightly shines; thou, all the constancy
That in all women was, or ere shalbe:
From whose faire eye-balles flies that holy fire,
That Poets stile the mother of desire,
Infusing into euery gentle breast,
A soule of greater price, and farre more blest
Then that quicke power, which giues a difference,
Twixt man and creatures of a lower sence.
Cloe. Shepheard how camst thou hether to this place;
No way is troden, all the verdent grasse
The spring shot vp, stands yet vnbrused heere
Of any foote, onely the dappld deere:
Farre from the feared sound of crooked horne
Dwels in this fastnesse. *Then*. Chaster then the morne,
I haue not wandred, or by strong illusion,
Into this vertuous place haue made intrusion,
But hether I am come (belieue me faire)
To seeke you out, of whose great good the Aire
Is full, and strongly labors, whilst the sound,
Breakes against heauen, and driues into a stround
The amazed Shepheard, that such vertue can
Be resident in lesser then a man.
Clor. If any art I haue, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festred ill,
Whose griefe or greeneneſse to anothers eies,
May seeme vnpossible of remedie,
I dare yet vndertake it.
Then. Tis no paine
I suffer through disease, no beating veine
Conuaies infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostumde to be curde by Art,
This bodie holdes; and yet a feller griefe
Then euer skilfull hand did giue reliefe

Dwels on my soule, and may be heald by you,
Faire beauteous virgin:
Clor. Then shepheard let me sue
To knowe thy griefe that man yet neuer knew
Thy way to health, that durst not shew his sore.
Then. Then faireſt know I loue you.
Clor. Swaine no more.
Thou hast abus'd the strictnes of this place,
And offred Sacrilegeous foule disgrace
To the swect rest of these interred bones,
For feare of whose ascending fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright,
Thy very soule with horror. *Then.* Let me not
Thou all perfection merrit such a blot,
For my true zealous faith. *Clor.* Dareſt thou abide
To see this holy earth at once deuide
And giue her bodie vp, for sure it will,
If thou pursueſt with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and goe,
Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost belowe,
That else would tell thee what it were to be,
A riuall in that vertuous loue that he
Imbraces yet.
Then. Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheeke, that thus can wed
My minde to adoration: nor your eye,
Though it be full and faire, your forehead hye,
And smooth as *Pelops* shoulder: not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples, to beguile
The easie soule, your hands and fingers long,
With veines inameld richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter then *Arions* Harpe,
Your haire wouen into many a curious warpe,
Able in endles errour to vnfould
The wandring soule, not the true perfect mould,
Of all your bodie, which as pure doth showe,
In Maiden whitenes as the Alpsien snowe.
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me lesse then a blacke stormy day

The wretched Seaman toyling through the deep.
But whilst this honourd strictnes you dare keepe,
Though all the plagues that are begotten were,
In the greate wombe of aire were setled here
In oppositiõ, I would like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakenes, and be free
Euen in the arme of danger.
Clor. Wouldst thou haue
Me raise againe fond man, from silent graue,
Those sparckes that long agoe were buried here,
With my dead friends cold ashes;
Then. Deerest deare,
I dare not aske it, nor you must not graunt,
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
Remember how he lou'd ye, and be still,
The same opinion speakes ye, let not will,
And that great god of women Appetite,
Set vp your blood againe, doe not inuite
Desire, and fancy for their long exile,
To set them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a Rocke made firmely vp against all
The power of angry heauen, or the strong fall
Of *Neptunes* battery; if ye yeild I die
To all affection: tis that loialtie
Ye tie vnto this graue I so admire;
And yet theres somethinge else I would desire,
If you would heare me, but withall deny,
O *Pan*, what an vncertaine desteny
Hanges ouer all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fire,
Will licke my life vp.
Clor. Do, and let time weare out,
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.
Then. Farewell thou soule of virtue, and be blest
For euer, whilst I wretched rest
Thus to my selfe; yet graunt me leaue to dwell
In kenning of this Arbor, yon same dell
Ore topt with mourning Cipresse and sad Ewe,
Shall be my Cabin, where Ile earely rew,
Before the Sunne hath kist this dewe away,

The hard vncertaine chance which Fate doth lay
Vpon this head.
Clor. The gods giue quicke releaſe
And happy cure vnto thy hard diſeaſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen Shepheard.

Sullen. I doe not loue this wench that I ſhould meet,
For neuer did my vnconſtant eie yet greet
That beautie, were it ſweeter or more faire,
Then the new bloſſomes, when the mo ning aire
Blowes gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden bluſhes to our ſight
Shootes from his early face: were all theſe ſet
In ſome neat forme before me, twould not get
The leaſt loue from me: ſome deſire it might,
Or preſent burning: all to me in ſight
Are equall, be they faire, or blacke, or browne,
Virgin, or careleſſe wanton, I can crowne
My appetite with any: ſweare as oft,
And weepe as any, melt my words as ſoft
Into a maidens eares, and tell how long
My heart has bene her ſeruant, and how ſtrong
My paſſions are: call her vnkinde and cruell,
Offer her all I haue to gaine the iewell
Maidens ſo highly praiſe: then loath, and fly,
This do I hold a bleſſed deſteny.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Haile Shepheard, *Pan* bleſſe both thy flocke and thee,
For being mindfull of thy word to me.
Sul. Welcome faire Shepheardeſſe, thy louing ſwaine
Giues thee the ſelfe ſame wiſhes backe againe:
Who till this preſent houre nere knit that eie,
Could make me croſſe mine armes or daily dye
With freſh conſumings: boldly tel me then,
How ſhall we part their faithfull loues, and when;
Shall I bely him to her, ſhall I ſweare
His faith is falſe, and he loues euery where;
Ile ſay he mockt her the other day to you,
Which will by your confirming ſhew as true,
For he is of ſo pure an honeſty,
To thinke (becauſe he will not) none will lye:

Or

Or else to him Ile slaunder *Amoret*,
And say, she but seemes chaste; Ile sweare she met
Me mongst the shadie sycamoures last night,
And loosely offerd vp her shame and spright,
Into my bosome: made a wanton bed
Of leaues and many flowers, where she spred
Her willing bodie to be prest by me;
There haue I caru'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine owne; to make this show
More full of seeming, *Hobinal* you know,
Sonne to the aged Shepheard of the Glen
Him I haue sorted out of many men,
To say he found vs at our priuate sport,
And rouz'd vs fore our time by his resort:
This to confirme, I haue promis'd to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy,
As grinnes to catch him birds, with bowe, and bolt,
To shoote at nimble squirrels in the holt:
A paire of painted buskins and a lambe,
Soft as his owne lockes, or the downe of Swan;
This I haue done to winne ye, which doth giue
Me double pleasure, discord makes me liue.

Amar. Loued swaine I thanke ye, these trickes might prevaile
With other rusticke shepheards, but will faile
Euen once to stirre, much more to ouerthrow,
His fixed loue from iudgment, who doth know,
Your nature, my end, and his chosens merrit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit
Which I haue found: giue second, and my loue
Is euerlasting thine.

Sul. Try me and proue.

Amar. These happy paire of louers meet straight way,
Soone as they fould their flockes vp with the day
In the thicke groue bordering vpon yon hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath caru'd a well:
And but that matchlesse spring which Poets know,
Was nere the like to this: by it doth growe
About the sides, all hearbs which witches vse,
All simples good for medicine or abuse,
All sweetes that crowne the happy nuptiall day.

With all their colours, there the month of May
Is euer dwelling, all is young and greene,
There's not a grasse on which was euer seene,
The falling *Autume* or cold winters hand
So full of heate and vertue is the land
About this fountaine: which doth slowly breake
Below yon Mountaines foote, into a creeke
That waters all the valley, giuing fish
Of many sorts, to fill the shepheards dish.
This holy well, my Grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charmes, hath often to me sed,
Hath power to change the forme of any creature,
Being thrice dipt ouer the head, into what feature,
Or shape t'would please the letter downe to craue,
Who must pronounce this charme to, which she gaue
Me on her death bed, told me what and how
I should apply vnto the patients brow,
That would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleepe
Before I trusted them into this deepe.
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me proue,
This secret of her Art, if crost in loue;
I'le this attempt, now Shepheard I haue here
All her prescriptions, and I will not feare
To be my selfe dipt: come, my temples binde
With these sad hearbes, and when I sleepe you finde
As you do speake your charme, thrice downe me let,
And bid the water raise me *Amoret*;
Which being done, leaue me to my affaire,
And ere the day shall quite it selfe out weare,
I will returne vnto my Shepheards arme,
Dip me againe, and then repeate this charme,
And plucke me vp my selfe, whom freely take,
And the hotst fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me,
I long the truth of this wels power to see. *Exeunt.*

Enter Daphnis.

Here will I stay, for this the couert is
Where I appointed *Cloe*, do not misse

Thou

Thou bright ey'd virgin, come, ô come my faire,
Be not abus'd with feare, nor let cold care
Of honor ſtay thee from thy Shepheards arme,
Who would as hard be wonne to offer harme
To thy chaſte thoughts, as whiteneſſe from the day,
Or yon great round to moue another way.
My language ſhall be honeſt, full of truth,
My flames as ſmooth and ſpotleſſe as my youth:
I will not entertaine that wandring thought,
Whoſe eaſie currant may at length be brought
To a looſe vaſteneſſe.

Alexis within. Cloe!

Daph. Tis her voyce
And I muſt anſwer, *Cloe!* ô the choiſe
Of deare embraces, chaſte and holy ſtraines
Our hands ſhall giue! I charge you all my vaines
Through which the blood and ſpirit take their way,
Locke vp your diſobedient heates, and ſtay
Thoſe mutinous deſires, that elſe would growe
To ſtrong rebellion: do not wilder ſhowe
Then bluſhing modeſtie may entertaine.

Alexis within. Cloe!

Daph. There ſounds that bleſſed name againe,
And I will meete it: let me not miſtake, *Enter Alexis.*
This is ſome Shepheard, ſure! am awake,
What may this riddle meane? I will retire,
To giue my ſelfe more knowledge.

Alex. Oh my fire,
How thou conſum'ſt me? *Cloe* anſwer me,
Alexis, ſtrong *Alexis*, high, and free,
Cals vpon *Cloe*: ſee mine armes are full
Of intertainement, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too too long hath hung,
Tempting the greedy eye: thou ſtayeſt too long,
I am impatient of theſe mad delayes,
I muſt not leaue vnſought thoſe many wayes
That lead into this center, till I finde
Quench for my burning luſt, I come vnkinde. *Exit Alexis.*

Daph. Can my imagination worke me ſo much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and ſtill

Beliene

Belieue mine eies, or ſhall I firmely hold
Her yet vntainted, and theſe ſights but bold
Illuſion; ſure ſuch fancies oft haue bene
Sent to abuſe true loue, and yet are ſeene,
Daring to blinde the vertuous though with error,
But be they farre from me with their fond terror:
I am reſolude my *Cloe* yet is true. *Cloe within.*
Cloe harke *Cloe* ſure this voice is new,
Whoſe ſhrilnes like the ſounding of a bell,
Tels me it is a woman: *Cloe*, tell
Thy bleſſed name againe *Cloe within.* Heere.
Oh what a greefe is this to be ſo neere
And not in counter? *Enter Cloe.*

Cloe. Shepheard we are met,
Draw cloſe into the couert, leaſt the wet
Which falles like lazy miſtes vpon the ground,
Soake through your ſtartvps.

Daph. Faireſt, are you found?
How haue we wandred that the better part
Of this good night is periſht? oh my heart!
How haue I longd to meet ye? how to kiſſe
Thoſe lilly hands; how to receiue the bliſſe
That charming tongue giues to the happy eare
Of him that drinkes your language? but I feare
I am too much vnmannerd, farre to rude,
And almoſt growne laſciuous to intrude
Theſe hot behauiours, where regard of fame,
Honor, and modeſty, a vertuous name,
And ſuch diſcourſe, as one faire ſiſter may
Without offence vnto the brother ſay,
Should rather haue bene tender'd; but beliefe
Heere dwels a better temper, do not grieue,
Then euer kindeſt that my firſt ſalute,
Seaſons ſo much of fancy, I am mute
Henceforth to all diſcourſes, but ſhall be
Suting to your ſweet thoughts and modeſtie:
Indeede I will not aske a kiſſe of you,
No not to wring your fingers, nor to ſue
To thoſe bleſt paire of fixed ſtarres for ſmiles,
All a young louers cunning, all his wiles:

And pretty wanton dyings ſhall to me
Be ſtrangers, onely to your *Chaſtety*
I am deuoted euer.
Cloe. Honeſt ſwaine,
Firſt let me thanke you, then returne againe
As much of my loue: no thou art too cold
Vnhappy boy, not temperd to my mold,
Thy blood fals heauy downeward, tis not feare
To offend in boldneſſe wins, they neuer weare
Deſerued fauours that deny to take
When they are offred freely: do I wake
To ſee a man of his youth, yeares and feature,
And ſuch a one, as we call goodly creature,
Thus backeward? what a world of precious Art,
Were merely loſt, to make him do his part?
But I will ſhake him off, that dares not hold,
Let men that hope to be beloud be bold.
Daphnis, I doe deſire, ſince we are met
So happily, our liues and fortunes ſet,
Vppon one ſtake to giue aſſurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Neuer to breake againe: walke you that way,
Whilſt I in zealous meditation ſtray
A little this way: when we both haue ended
Theſe rights and ducties by the woods befriended,
And ſecreſie of night, retire and finde
An aged oake whoſe hollownes may binde
Vs both within his bodie, thither goe:
It ſtands within yon bottome.
Daph. Be it ſo. *Exit Daphnis.*
Cloe. And I will meete there neuer more with thee,
Thou idle ſhamefaſtneſſe, *Alexis within.* Cloe!
Cloe. Tis hee.
That dare I hope be bolder. *Alex.* Cloe. *Cloe.* now
Great Pan for Sirinx ſake bid ſpeed our plow. *Exit Clo.*

Actus tertius Scena prima

Enter the Sullen Shepheard with Amarilles in a ſleepe

Sull. From thy forehead thus I take
Theſe hearbs, and charge thee not awake,

Till in yonder holy well,
Thrice with powerfull magicke ſpell,
Fild with many a balefull word,
Thou haſt bene dipt; thus with my cord
Of blaſted hempe, by moone-light twinde,
I do thy ſleepy body binde,
I turne thy head into the Eaſt,
And the feet into the Weſt,
Thy lift arme to the South put forth,
And thy right vnto the North:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deepe and deadly ſound:
And into this holy ſpring,
I let thee ſlide downe by my ſtring:
Take this maide thou holy pit
To thy bottom, neerer yet;
In thy water pure and ſweete,
By thy leane I dip her feete:
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her anckles may be wet:
Yet downe lower, let her knee
In thy waters waſhed bee;
There ſtop: Fly away
Euery thing that loues the day.
Truth that hath but one face,
Thus I charme thee from this place.
Snakes that caſt your coates for new,
Camelions, that alter hue,
Hares that yearely ſexes change,
Protens altring oft and ſtrange,
Hecatæ with ſhapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the ſhape of *Amoret*:
Cinthia worke thou with my charme,
Thus I draw thee free from harme,
Vp out of this bleſſed lake,
Riſe both like her and awake. *She awaketh*

Amarill. Speake ſhepheard, am I *Amoret* to ſight?
Or haſt thou miſt in any magicke right;
For want of which any defect in me,

May make our practises discouered be?
Sul. By yonder moone, but that I heere do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transformd thee, and whose hand,
Let thee downe dry, and pluckt thee vp thus wet,
I should my selfe take thee for *Amoret*;
Thou art in clothes, in feature, voice and hew
So like, sence can not distinguish you.
Amaril. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall loose her him, and gaine thee me,
Hether she needes must come, by promise made,
And sure his nature neuer was so bad,
To bid a virgin meete him in the wood,
When night and feare are vp, but vnderstood,
T'was his part to come first: being come, Ile say
My constant loue made me come first and stay,
Then will I leade him further to the groue,
But stay you here, and if his owne true loue
Shall seeke him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her louer lately troden hath:
Ile not be farre from hence, if need there be
Heere is another charme, whose power will free
The dazeled sence reade by the moone beames cleare,
And in my owne true shape make me appeare. *Enter Perigot.*
Sul. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant heart,
Longs to behold her, in whose shape thou art.
Peri. This is the place (faire *Amoret*) the houre
Is yet scarce come, heere euery siluane power
Delights to be, about your sacred well,
Which they haue blest with many a powerfull spell;
For neuer trauailer in dead of night,
Nor straied beasts haue falne in, but when sight
Hath faild them, then their right way they haue found,
By helpe of them, so holy is the grouud;
But I will farther seeke, least *Amoret*
Should be first come and so stray long vnmet.
My Amoret, Amoret! *Exit.* *Amaril.* Perigot!
Per. My loue! *Amarill.* I come my loue. *Exit.*
Sul. Now she hath got
Her owne desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long lookt for hopes as wel as she:
How bright the moone shines heere, as if she stroue

To show her glory in this little groue *Enter Amoret.*
To some new loued Shepheard: yonder is
Another *Amorit*: Where differs this
From that, but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should haue taine this for the counterfeit:
Hearbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortall men could know your properties.
Amo. Me thinkes it is not night, I haue no feare,
Walking this wood, of Lyon, or the Beare,
Whose names at other times, haue made me quake,
When any shepheardesse in her tale spake,
Of some of them, that vnderneath a wood
Haue-borne true louers that together stood.
Me thinkes there are no goblins, and mens talke,
That in these woods the nimble Faieries walke,
Are fables; such a strong heart I haue got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*;
My *Perigot*, whose that my *Perigot*?
Sul. Faire Maid.
Amo. Ay me thou art not *Perigot*.
Sul. But I can tell ye newes of *Perigot*,
An houre together vnder yonder tree,
He sat with wreathed armes and cald on thee,
And said, why *Amoret* staiest thou so long:
Then starting vp downe yonder path he flung,
Least thou hadst mist thy way: were it day light
He could not yet haue borne him out of sight.
Amo. Thankes gentle Shepheard and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearefull I had lost my way:
As fast as my weake legs, (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
Pray Pan thy loue may euer follow thee. *Exit.*
Sul. How bright she was; how louely did she show?
Was it not pittie to deceiue her so?
She pluckt her garments vp and tript away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For me, that periurd her: whilst she was heere,
Me thought the beames of light that did appeare,
Were shot from her: me thought the moone gaue none,

But

But what it had from her: she was alone
With me, if then her presence did so moue,
Why did not I assay to win her loue;
She would not sure haue yeilded vnto me,
Women loue onely oportunitie
And not the man; or if she had denied
Alone, I might haue forc'd her to haue tried
Who had bene stronger: ô vaine foole, to let
Such blest occasion passe, Ile follow yet,
My blood is vp, I cannot now forbeare.

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

I come sweete *Amoret*, soft who is heere?
A paire of louers, he shall yeild her me,
Now lust is vp, alike all women be.

Alex. Where shall we rest, but for the loue of me,
Cloe I know ere this would weary be.

Cloe. *Alexis* let vs rest heere, if the place
Be priuate, and out of the common trace
Of euery shepheard: for I vnderstood,
This night a number are about the wood,
Then let vs choose some place where out of sight,
We freely may inioy our stolne delight,

Alex. Then boldly heere, where we shall nere be found,
No shepheards way lies heere, tis hollowed ground,
No maide seekes heere her straied Cow, or Sheepe,
Faieries and Fawnes, and Satyres do it keepe;
Then carelessely rest heere, and clip and kisse,
And let no feare make vs our pleasures misse.

Cloe. Then lye by me, the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.

Sul. Forbeare to touch my loue, or by yon flame,
The greatest power that Shepheards dare to name,
Heere where thou sitst vnder this holy tree;
Her to dishonor thou shalt buried be.

Alex. If Pan himselfe should come out of the lawnes,
With all his troopes of Satyres and of Fawnes,
And bid me leaue, I sweare by her two eies,
A greater oath then thine, I would not rise.

Sul. Then from the cold earth neuer thou shalt moue,
But loose at one stroke both thy life and loue.

Cloe. Hold gentle Shepheard.

Sul. Faireſt Shepheardeſſe,
Come you with me, I do not loue ye leſſe
Then that found man that would haue kept you there
From me of more deſert.
Alex. O yet forbeare
To take her from me, giue me leaue to die
By her.

The Satyre enters, he runs one way and ſhe another.

Saty. Now whilſt the moone doth rule the ſky,
And the ſtarres, whoſe feeble light
Giue a pale ſhadow to the night,
Are vp, great *Pan* commanded me
To walke this groue about, whilſt he
In a corner of the wood,
Where neuer mortall foote hath ſtood,
Keepes dancing, muſicke and a feaſt,
To intertaine a louely gueſt:
Where he giues her many a roſe
Sweeter then the breath that blowes
The leaues: grapes, beries of the beſt,
I neuer ſaw ſo great a feaſt.
But to my charge: heere muſt I ſtay,
To ſee what mortalls looſe their way,
And by a falſe fire ſeeming bright,
Traine them in and leaue them right:
Them muſt I watch if any be
Forcing of a chaſtity,
If I finde it, then in haſte,
Giue my wreathed horne a blaſt,
And the Faieries all will run,
Wildely daunceing by the moone,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his luſtfull thoughts be gone.
Alex. O death! *Sat.* Backe againe about this ground
Sure I heare a mortall ſound;
I binde thee by this powerfull ſpell,
By the waters of this well:
By the glimmering moone beames bright,
Speake againe thou mortall wight.

Alex. Oh!

Alex. Oh!

Sat. Heere the fooliſh mortall lies,
Sleeping on the ground; ariſe,
The poore wight is almoſt dead,
On the Ground his woundes haue bled,
And his Clothes fould with his bloud;
To my Goddeſſe in the wood,
Will I lead him, whoſe hands pure,
Will helpe this mortall wight to cure,

Enter Cloe againe.

Cloe. Since I beheld, you ſhaggy Man, my breſt,
Doth pant, each buſh me thinks ſhould hide a Beaſt,
Yet my deſire, keepes ſtill aboue my feare,
I would faine meete ſome *Shepheard* knew I where,
For from one cauſe of feare, I am moſt free,
It is Impoſſible to Rauiſh me
I am ſo willing; here vpon this ground,
I left my loue all Bloody with his wound,
Yet till that fearefull ſhape made me be gone,
Though he were hurt, I furniſht was of one,
But now both loſt, *Alexis* ſpeak e or moue,
If thou haſt any life thou art yet my loue;
Hee's dead, or elſe is with his little might,
Crept from the Bancke for feare of that ill ſpright,
Then where art thou that ſtruck'ſt my loue, ô ſtay
Bring me thy ſelfe in Change, and then Ile ſay,
Thou haſt ſome Iuſtice, I will make thee trim,
With Flowers, and Garlands, that were ment for him:
Ile Clip thee round, with both mine armes as faſt,
As I did meane, he ſhould haue bin imbraced,
But thou art fled what hope is left for mee?
Ile run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree:
Who I did meane to mocke, though hope be ſmall,
To make him bolde; rather then none at all,
Ile try him, his heart, and my behauiour to
Perhaps may teach him, what he ought to doe. *Exit.*

Enter the Sullen Shepheard.

This

Sul. This was the place, twas but my feeble sight,
Mixt with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shapt these feares, and made me run away,
And loose my beautious hardly gotton pray.
Speake Gentle Shepheardesse I am alone,
And tender loue, for loue, but she is gone,
From me, that hauing struke her louer dead:
For silly feare left her alone and fled:
And see the wounded Body is Remoued.
By her of whome it was so well beloued.

Enter Perigot & Amarillis in the shape of Amoret.

But these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lye close heere comes younge *Perigot*,
With subtill Amarillis in the shape,
Of *Amorit*, pray loue hee may not scape.
Amor. Beloued Perigot, show me some place,
Where I may rest my Limbes, weake with the Chace
Of thee, an hower before thou cam'st at least
Per. Beshrewe my Tardy stepps, here shalt thou rest
Vpponthis holy banck no deadly snake,
Vppon this Turffe her selfe in foulds doth make,
Here is no poyson, for the Toade to feed,
Here boldly spread thy handes, no venomd weed,
Dares blister them, No sly my snaile dare creepe,
Ouer thy face when thou art fast a sleepe,
Here neuer durst the bablinge Cuckoe spitt.
No slough of falling Starr, did euer hitt.
Vppon this Bancke, let this thy Cabin bee.
This other set with violets for mee.
Amo. Thou dost not loue mee *Perigot*;
Per. Faire mayde
You onely loue to heare it often sayd;
You do not doubt,
Amo. Beleeue me, but I do.
Per. What shall we now begin againe to woe,
Tis the best way to make your louer last,
To play with him, when you haue caught him fast.
Amo. By *Pan* I sweare I loued *Perigot*,

And by yon Moone, I thinke thou loueſt me not.
Per. By *Pan* I ſweare and if I falſely ſweare:
Let him not guard my flockes, let Foxes teare,
My Earelyeſt lambes, and wolues whilſt I do ſleepe
Fall on the reſt, a Rot amonge my ſheepe;
I loue thee better, then the carefull Ewe,
The new yeand lambe that is of her owne hew,
I dote vpon thee, more than that young lambe,
Doth on the Bagg, that feedes him from his dam.
Were there a ſort of wolues got in my fould,
And one rann after thee, both young and ould,
Should be deuour'd, and it ſhould be my ſtrife,
To ſaue thee, whome I loue aboue, my life,
Amo. How ſhall I truſt thee when I ſee thee chuſe
Another bedd, and doſt my ſide refuſe,
Per. T'was onely that the chaſt thoughts, might be ſhowen,
Twixt thee and me, although we were alone,
Ama: Come *Perigot*, will ſhow his power that hee
Can make his Amoret, though ſhe weary bee,
Riſe nimbly from her Couch, and come to his.
Here take my Amoret imbrace and kiſſe:
Per. What meanes my loue;
Amo: To do as louers ſhud.
That are to be inioyed not to be woed.
Ther's nere a Shepheardeſſe in all the plaine,
Can kiſſe thee with more Art, ther's none can faine.
More wanton trickes,
Per: Forbeare deare ſoule to trye,
Whether my heart be pure, Ile rather dye,
Then nouriſh one thought to diſhonor thee,
Amo: Still thinkſt thou ſuch a thing as Chaſtitie,
Is amongſt woemen, Perigot thers none,
That with her loue is in a wood alone,
And wood come home a Mayde, be not abuſ'd,
With thy fond firſt beleife, let time be vſd,
Why doſt thou riſe,
Perigot: My true heart, thou haſt ſlaine,
Amo. Fayth *Perigot*, Ile plucke the downe againe,
Per. Let goe thou Serpent, that into me breſt,
Haſt with thy Cunning diu'd art not inieſt?

Amo. Sweete loue lye downe.
Per. Since this I liue to see,
Some bitter North wind blast my flockes and mee.
Amo. You swore you lou'd, yet will not do my will.
Per. O be as thou wert once, Ile loue thee still.
Amo. I am, as still I was, and all my kind,
Though others shewes we haue poore men to blynd.
Per. Then here I end all loue, and rest my vaine,
Beleeife should euer draw me in againe,
Before thy face that hast my youth mischad,
I end my life, my blood be on thy head.
Amo. O hold thy hands thy *Amoret* doth cry.
Per. Thou counsayl'st well, first *Amoret* shall dye,
That is the cause of my Eternall smart.
Amo. O hold.
Per. This steele shall peirce thy lustfull hart: *He runs after her*

The Sullen Shepheard stepes out and vncharmes her.

Sullen. Vp and downe euery where,
I strewe the hearbs to purge the Ayre,
Let your Odor driue hence,
All mistes that dazell sence,
Hearbes and springs whose hydden might:
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight.
Thus I charge ye to vndo;
All before I brought yee to,
Let her flye, let her scape,
Giue againe her owne shape.

Enter Amarillis in her owne shape.

Amaril. Forbeare thou gentle swayne thou dost mistake;
She whome thou followest fled into the brake,
And as I crost thy way I met thy wrath;
The only feare of which neere slayne me hath.
Per. Pardon fayre Shepheardesse my rage and night,
Were both vpon me and beguild my sight;
But farre be it from me to spill the blood,
Of harmelesse maydes that wonder in the wood, *Exit Ama.*

Enter

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step in yonder path
Poore hopelesse *Amoret* twice troden hath,
To seeke her *Perigot*, yet cannot heare,
His voyce; my *Perigot*, she loues thee deare
That calles.
Per. See yonder where she is, how faire
Shee showes, and yet her breath infects the Ayre.
Amo. My *Perigot*:
Per. Here.
Amo. Happy.
Per. Hapleſſe first:
It lights on thee, the next blowe is the worst.
Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my loue thou art vniust:
Per. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. *Exit Per.*
Sullen. Now shall their loue be croſt, for being strucke;
Ile throw her in the Fount least being tooke:
By some Night Traueler, whose honest care,
May helpe to cure her; *Shepheardesse* prepare,
Your selfe to dye.
Amo. No mercy I doe craue,
Thou canst not giue a worse blowe then I haue;
Tell him that gaue me this, who lou'd him to,
He strucke my soule and not my bodye through:
Tell him when I am dead my soule shall bee
At peace, if he but thinke he iniurd me: *He flinges her into § well*
Sullen. In this Fount bee thy Graue, thou wert not ment,
Sure for a woman, thou art so Innocent:
Shee cannot scape for vnderneath the ground,
In a longe hollowe the cleare spring is bound,
Till on yon syde where the Morns sun doth looke,
The strugling water breakes out in a brooke, *Exit.*

The God of the Riuer Riseth with Amoret, in his armes.

God What powerfull Charmes my streames doe bring
Backe againe vnto their spring;
With such force that I their god,

Three times ſtricking with my rod,
Could not keepe them in their Rancks.
My fiſhes ſhute into the bankes,
Ther's not one, that ſtayes and feeds,
All haue hid them in the weedes,
Heres a Mortall almoſt dead,
Falne into my Riuer head,
Hollowed ſo with many a ſpell,
That till now none euer fell;
Tis a Female young and cleare,
Caſt in by ſome Rauiſher;
See vpon her breſt a wound,
On which there is no playſter bound,
Yet ſhee's warme her pulſes beat,
Tis a ſigne of life and heate;
If thou bee'ſt a virgin pure,
I can giue a preſent cure;
Take a drop into thy wound
From my watry lockes more round,
Then Orient Pearle, and farre more pure,
Then vnchaſt fleſh may indure:
See ſhe pants and from her fleſh,
The warme blood guſheth out a freſh,
She is an vnpoluted mayde:
I muſt haue this bleeding ſtayde:
From my banckes, I plucke this flower,
With holy hand whoſe vertuous power,
Is at once to heale and draw,
The blood Returnes, I neuer ſaw,
A fayrer Mortall, now doth breake,
Her deadly ſlumber, virgin, ſpeake.

Amo. Who hath reſtor'd my ſence, giuen me new breath,
And brought me backe out of the Armes of death,

God. I haue heald thy wounds:

Amo. Aye mee,

God. Feare not him that ſuccord thee:
I am this Fountaynes god; belowe,
My waters to a Riuer growe,
And twixt two banckes with Oſiers ſet,
That onely proſper in the wet,
Through the Meddowes do they glide,

Wheeling

Wheeling ſtill on euery ſyde,
Sometimes winding round a bout,
To find the Eueneſt channell out,
And if thou wilt goe with me,
Leauing Mortall company:
In the Coole ſtreames ſhalt thou lye,
Free from harme as well as I:
I will giue thee for thy food,
No fiſh that vſeth in the mudd,
But Trout and Pike that loue to ſwim,
Where the Grauell from the brim,
Through the pure ſtreames may be ſeene:
Orient Pearle fit for a Queene,
Will I giue thy loue to winn,
And a ſhell to keepe them in;
Not a fifh in all my brooke,
That ſhall diſobeye thy looke,
But when thou wilt, come ſlyding bye,
And from thy white hand take a flye,
And to make thee vnderſtande:
How I can my waues commaund,
They ſhall Bubble whilſt I ſing,
Sweeter then the ſiluer ſtring.

The Song.

Doe not feare to put thy feete
Naked in the Riuer, ſweete;
Thinke not Leach, or Neute, or Toad,
Will byte thy foote, when thou haſt trod,
Nor let the water riſing hye,
As thou wadeſt in make thee cry
And ſobb, but euer liue with mee,
And not a waue ſhall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortall power, that rul'ſt this holy flud,
I know my ſelfe, vnworthy to by woed,
By thee a god, for ere this, but for thee
I ſhould haue ſhowne my weake Mortallitie,
Beſides by holy Oath betwixt vs twaine,

I am bethrothd vnto a *Shepheard* swaine,
Whose comely face; I know the Gods aboue:
May make me leaue to see; but not to loue.

God. May he proue to thee as true,
Fayrest virgin now adue,
I must make my waters flye,
Least they leaue their Channells dry;
And beasts, that come vnto the spring
Misse ther mornings watering,
Which I would not, for of late,
All the Neighbour people sate,
On my banckes and from the fold,
Two white Lambs of three weekes Old,
Offered to my *Dictie*,
For which this yeare thy shall be free
From raging floods that as they passe,
Leaue their grauell in the grasse:
Nor shall their Meades be ouerflowne,
When their grasse is newly moane.

Amo For thy kindnesse to me showne,
Neuer from thy bancks be blowne,
Any Tree; with windy force,
Crosse thy streames to stop thy Course:
May no Beast that coms to drinke
With his Hornes cast downe thy brincke:
May none that for thy fish doe looke,
Cutt thy bancks to damme thy Brooke:
Bare-foote may no Neighbour wade:
In thy coole streames wife nor mayde,
When the spawnes on stones doe lye,
To wash their Hempe and spoyle the frye.

God. Thankes Virgin, I must downe againe,
Thy wound will put thee to no paine:
Wonder not, so soone tis gone;
A holy hand was layd vpon. *Exit.*

Amo. And I vnhappy borne to bee,
Must follow him, that flyes from me.

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Shee is vntrue vnconstant, and vnkinde,
Shee's gone, shee's gone, blow high thou North west winde,
And rayse the Sea to Mountaynes: let the Trees,
That dare oppose thy Raging fury leese
Their firme foundation; Creepe into the earth,
And shake the world as at the monstrous birth,
Of some new Prodegey, whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty Bore-Speare in my hand,
And falling thus vpon it.

Enter Amarillis running.

Ama. Stay thy dead doing hand, thou art to hott,
Against thy selfe, believe me comely Swaine,
If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Rayne.
The heauy Clowdes send downe can wash away,
That foule vnmanly guilt, the world will lay
Vpon thee; yet thy loue vntainted stands:
Beleeue me shee is constant, not the sands,
Can be so hardly numbred as shee wonne:
I do not triffle, *Shepheard*, by the Moone,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee *Perigot*, is true:
Then be a free man, put away dispayre,
And will to dye, smooth gently vp that fayre,
Dejected forehead: be as when those eyes,
Tooke the first heat.

Per. Alas he double dyes,
That would believe, but cannot, tis not well,
Ye keepe me thus from dying here to dwell,
With many worse companions: but oh death,
I am not yet inamourd of his breath,
So much, but I dare leaue it, tis not payne,
In forcing of a wound: nor after gayne,
Of many dayes, can hold me from my will,
Tis not my selfe, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Amo. Stay, but a little, little, but one houre,

And if I do not showe thee through the power,
Of hearbes and words I haue, as darke as Night:
My selfe turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight.
Her very figure, and the Robe she weares;
With tawny Buskins, and the hooke shee beares
Of thine owne Caruing, were your names are set,
Wrought vnderneath with many a Curious frett
The *Prim-Rose* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,
Thou gauest her for her singing; with each thing,
Else that she weares about her, let me feele,
The first fell stroke of that Reuenging steele:
Per. I am contented, if there be a hope;
To giue it Entertaynement, for the scope
Of one poore hower; go you shall finde me next,
Vnder yon shady Beech, euen thus perplext;
And thus beleeuing.
Amarill. Bynde before I goe;
Thy soule by *Pan* vnto me, not to doe,
Harme or outragious wrong vpon thy life,
Till my Returne.
Per. By *Pan*, and by the strife;
Hee had with *Phoebus* for the Masterye,
When Goulden *Mydas*, iudg'd their *Minstralcye*;
I will not. *Exeunt*

Enter Satyre with Alexis hurt.

Satyre. Softly glyding as I goe;
With this Burden full of woe;
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the Gloe-wormes light,
Hether am I come at last,
Many a Thicket haue I past;
Not a twigg that durst deny mee;
Not a bush that durst descry mee.
To the little Bird that sleepes:
On the tender spray; nor creeps,
That hardy worme with poynted Tayle:
But if I be vnder sayle;
Flying faster then the wind;

Leauing

Leauing all the Clowdes behind,
But doth hide her tender head,
In ſome hollow Tree or bed
Of ſeeded Nettles; not a Hare
Can be ſtarted from his fare,
By my footing, nor a wiſh,
Is more ſudden, nor a fiſh
Can be found, with greater eaſe,
Cut the vaſt vnbounded ſeaes,
Leauing neither print nor ſound:
Then I, when nimbly on the ground,
I meaſure many a league an houre;
But behold the happy bower,
That muſt eaſe me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlardge,
The ſoule of this ſadd man, that yet
Lyes faſt bound in deadly fit,
Heauen and great *Pan*, ſucker it:
Hayle thou beauty of the Bower,
Whither then the Paramore
Of my Maiſter; let mee craue,
Thy vertuous helpe to keepe from Graue,
This poore Mortall that here lyes,
Waiting when the deſtinyes,
Will vndoe his thred of life;
View the wound by cruell knife,
Trencht into him.

Clor. What art thou; call'ſt me from my holy Rightes
And with the feared name of death a frightes
My tender Eares, ſpeake me thy name and will.

Satyre I am the Satyre that did fill,
Your lapp with early fruit, and will,
When I happ to gather more,
Bring yee better and more ſtore:
Yet I come not empty now,
See a bloſſome from the bowe,
But beſhrewe his heart that pulld it,
And his perfect Sight that Culld it,
From the other ſpringing bloomes,
For a ſweeter youth the Groomes

Cannot show me, nor the downes:
Nor the many neighbouring Townes;
Low in yonder glade I found him,
Softly in mine Armes I bound him,
Hether haue I brought him sleeping,
In a Trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a Day.
Clor. Satyre: they wrong thee, that do tearme thee rude,
Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hued:
Thy manners are as gentle and as fayre,
As his, who bragges himselfe, borne only heire,
To all Humanity: let me see thy wound:
This Hearb will stay the Currant being bound,
Fast to the Orephyse, and this restrayne,
Vlcers, and Swellings, and such inward payne,
As the cold Ayre hath forc'd into the sore,
Thus to drawe out such Putrifying gore,
As inward falls.

Satyre. Heauen grant it may do good,
Clor. Fayrely wipe away the blood,
Hold him gently till I fling,
Water of a vertuous spring
On his Temples; turne him twice
To the Moone beames, pinch him thrice:
That the labouring soule may drawe,
From his great ecclipse.
Satyre. I sawe,
His Eye-lids moouing.
Clor. Giue him breath,
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanisht, with this playster,
And this vnction do I master,
All the festred ill that may,
Giue him greife another day.
Satyre. See he gathers vp his spright
And begins to hunt for light,
Now a gapes and breathes againe:
How the bloud runs to the vaine:

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

That earst was emty
Alexis. O my heart,
My deareſt, deareſt *Cloe*, O the ſmart,
Runnes through my ſide: I feele ſome poynted thing,
Paſſe through my Bowels, ſharper then the ſtinge,
Of *Scorpion*.

Pan. Preſerue me, what are you,
Doe not hurt me, I am true,
To my *Cloe* though ſhe fly
And leaue me to this Deſtiny,
There ſhe ſtands, and will not lend,

Her ſmooth white hand to helpe her freind;
But I am much miſtaken, for that face,
Beares more Auſterity and modeſt grace,

More reproouing and more awe,
Then theſe Eyes yet euer ſawe,
In my *Cloe*; oh my payne
Eagerly Renewes againe.

Giue me your helpe for his ſake you loue beſt:
Clor. *Shepheard* thou canſt not poſſible take reſt,
Till thou haſt layed a ſide all hearts deſires,
Prouoking thoughts, that ſtir vp luſty fires,
Commerſe with wanton Eyes: ſtrong bloud and will,
To execute, theſe muſt be purg'd vntill
The vaine growe whiter; then repent and pray
Great *Pan*, to keepe you from the like decay;
And I ſhall vndertake your cure with eaſe,
Till when this vertuous Playſter will diſpleaſe,
Your tender ſides, giue me your hand and riſe.
Helpe him a little *Satyre*, for his Thyghes,
Yet are feeble.

Alexis. Sure I haue loſt much blood.
Satyre. Tis no matter, Twas not good,
Mortall you muſt leaue your woing,
Though there be a Ioye in doing,

Yet it brings much griefe, behind it,
They best feele it, that doe find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his sore,
When you are well, take heede you lust no more.

Satyr. Shepheard see what comes of kissing
By my head t'were better missing,
Brightest, if there be remayning,
Any seruice, without fayninge,
I will do it; were I set,
To catch the nimble wind, or get,
Shaddowes glyding on the greene,
Or to steale from the great Queene,
Of *Fayryes*, all her Beautie,
I would do it, so much dutie,
Doe I owe those pretious Eyes.

Clor. I thanke thee honest Satyre, if the Cryes,
Of any other that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee vnto them, prithee do thy will,
To bring them hether.

Satyre. I will and when the weather
Serues to Angle in the brooke,
I will bring a siluer hooke,
With a line of finest silke,
And a rod, as white as milke,
To deceiue the little fish:
So I take my leaue and wish,
On this bower may euer dwell,
Springe, and sommer.
Clor. Friend farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Amoret, seeking her loue.

Amo. This place is Ominous for here I lost
My loue and almost life, and since haue crost,
All these woods ouer, neuer a Nooke or dell,
Where any little Bird, or beast doth dwell,

But I haue ſought it, neuer a bending browe,
Of any hill or Glade, the wind ſings through,
Nor a greene bancke or ſhade where Shepheards vſe,
To ſit and Riddle, ſweetely pipe or chuſe,
Their valentynes: but I haue miſt to find,
My loue in, *Perigot*; Oh too vnkind:
Why haſt thou fled me; whether art thou gone.
How haue I wrong'd thee; was my loue alone,
To thee, worthy this ſcorned Recompence; tis well,
I am content to feele it; but I tell
Thee Shepheard: and theſe luſty woods ſhall heare,
Forſaken *Amoret*, is yet as cleare,
Of any ſtranger fire, as Heauen is,
From foule Corruption, or the deepe Abiſſe,
From light, and happyneſſe; and thou mayeſt knowe,
All this for truth and how that fatall blowe,
Thou gaueſt me, neuer from deſert of myne,
Fell on my life, but from ſuſpect of thyne,
Or fury more then Madnes; therefore, here,
Since I haue loſt my life, my loue, my deare,
Vpon this curſed place, and on this greene,
That firſt deuorced vs, ſhortly ſhall beſeene,
A ſight of ſo great pitty that each eye,
Shall daily ſpend his ſpring in memorye,
Of my vntimely fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril, I am not blynd,
Nor is it through the working of my mynd,
That this ſhowes Amoret; forſake me all,
That dwell vpon the ſcule, but what men call
Wonder, or more then wonder Miracle,
For ſure ſo ſtrange is this the Oracle,
Neuer gaue anſwere of, it paſſeth dreames,
Or madmens fancye, when the many ſtreames,
Of new Imaginations riſe and fall:
Tis but an houre ſince theſe Eares heard her call,
For pitty to young *Perigot*; whilſt he,
Directed by his fury Bloodelye,

Lanch't vp her breast, which bloudlesse fell and cold;
And if beliefe may Credit what was told,
After all this the Mellancholly Swaine,
Tooke her into his Armes being almost slaine:
And to the bottom of the holy well,
Flung her for euer with the waues to dwell:
Tis she the very same, tis *Amoret*.
And liuing yet, the great powers will not let,
Their vertuous loue be Crost; maide wipe away,
Those heauy drops of sorrow, and allay,
The storme that yet goes high, which not depresst,
Breakes, heart and life, and all before it rest:
Thy *Perigot*.

Amo. where: which is *Perigot*.

Amaril. Sits there below lamenting much god wot,
Thee, and thy fortune, goe and comfort him,
And thou shalt finde him vnderneath a brim,
Of sayling Pynes that edge yon Mountaine in.

Amo. I goe, I run Heauen graunt me, I may win
His soule againe. *Exit Amo.*

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,
Ye are to fleete, tis two houers yet to day?
I haue perform'd my promise let vs sit;
And warme our bloods together till the fit
Come liuely on vs.

Amaril. Friend you are to keene.
The Morning Riseth, and we shall be seene,
Forbeare a little.

Sullen. I can stay no longer.

Amarilis. Hold *Shepheard* hold, learne not to be a wronger
Of your word, was not your promise layed,
To breake their loues first.

Sullen. I haue done it Mayd.

Amaril. No, they are yet vnbroken, met againe,
And are as hard to part yet as the staine
Is from the finest lawne.

Sullen. I say they are.

Now at this present parted, and so farr,
That they shall neuer meete.
Amaril. Swaine tis not so,
For do but to yon hanging Mountaine goe,
And there belieue your eyes.
Sullen. You doe but hold,
Of with delayes and trifles, fare wel cold,
And frozen bashfulnes, vnfit for men,
Thus I salute thee virgin,
Amaril. And thus then,
I bid you followe, Catch me if ye can, *Exit.*
Sullen. And if I stay behind I am no Man. *Exit runing after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night do not steale away: I woe thee yet
To hold a hard hand ore the Rusty byt,
That Gydes thy Lazy teame, goe backe againe,
Bootes, thou that driu'st thy frozen wane,
Round as a Ringe and bring a second Night,
To hyde my sorrowes from the comming light,
Let not the Eyes of men, stare on my face,
And reade my falling, giue me some blacke place,
Where neuer Sunne beame, shot his wholsome light,
That I may sit, and power out my sad spright,
Like running water neuer to be knowne,
After the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret looking of Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottome: speake if thou be here,
My Perigot, thy Amoret, thy deare,
Calles on thy loued Name,
Per. What art thou dare,
Tread these forbidden pathes, where death and care,
Dwell on the face of darknes,
Amo. Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret: come hether to giue end,
To these consuminges; looke vp gentle Boye,
I haue forgot those paynes, and deare annoy,
I sufferd for thy sake, and am content,

To

To be thy loue againe; why hast thou rent,
Those curled lockes, where I haue often hunge,
Ribindes and damaske-Roses, and haue flunge,
Waters distild to make thee fresh and gaye,
Sweeter then Nosegayes on a Bridall daye?
Why dost thou crosse thine Armes, and hang thy face
Downe to thy Boosome, letting fall apace,
From those two little Heauens vpon the ground
Showers of more price, more Orient, & more round
Then those that hang vpon the moones pale browe?
Cease these complainings, Shepheard, I am nowe,
The same, I euer was, as kinde and free,
And can forgiue before you aske of me,
Indeed I can, and will.

Per. Soe spoke my fayre,
O you great working powers of Earth, and Ayre,
Water, and forming fire, why haue you lent,
Your hidden vertues of so ill intent?
Euen such a fact, so fayre so bright of hewe,
Had *Amoret*, such wordes, so smooth and newe,
Come flying from her tongue, such was her eye,
And such the poynted sparckle that did flye,
Forth like a bleeding shaft, all is the same,
The Robe, and buskins, painted hooke, and frame,
Of all her Body, O me *Amoret*.

Amo. Shepheard what meanes this Riddle, who hath set,
So stronge a difference, twixt my selfe and mee,
That I am growne another, looke and see,
The Ring thou gauest me, and about my wrist,
That curious Bracelet thou thy selfe didst twist,
From those fayre Tresses, knowest thou *Amoret*,
Hath not some newer loue forced thee forget,
Thy Ancient fayth,

Per. Still nearer to my loue;
These be the very words she oft did proue,
Vpon my temper, so she still wod take,
Wonder into her face, and silent make,
Signes with her head and hand as who wod saye
Shepheard remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not *Amoret*; where was I lost?

Can there be Heauen, and time, and men, and moſt
Of theſe vnconſtant? fayth where art thou fled?
Are all the vowes and proteſtations dead:
The hands held vp; the wiſhes and the heart;
Is there not one remayning not apart,
Of all theſe to be found, why then I ſee,
Men neuer knew that vertue, conſtancye.
Per. Men euer were moſt bleſſed, till Croſſe fate,
Brought loue, and women forth, vnfortunate,
To all that euer taſted of their ſmiles,
Whoſe actions are all double, full of wiles,
Like to the ſubtill Hare, that fore the Houndes,
Makes many turnings leapes and many roundes,
This way, and that way, to deceiue the ſent,
Of her purſuers:
Amo. Tis but to preuent,
Their ſpeedy comming on, that ſeeks her fall,
The hands of Cruell men, more Beſtiall,
And of a nature more refuſing good,
Then beaſtes themſelues, or fiſhes of the flood,
Per. Thou art all theſe, and more then nature ment,
When ſhe created all, frownes, ioyes, content:
Extreame fire for an hower, and preſently,
Colder then ſleepy poyſon, or the ſea;
Vpon whoſe face ſites a continuall froſt:
Your Actions euer driuen to the moſt,
Then downe againe as low, that none can find,
The riſe or falling of a womans minde.
Amo. Can there be any Age, or dayes, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty ſo great a crime:
As wronging ſimple Mayde? O *Perigot:*
Thou that waſt yeſterday without a blot,
Thou that waſt euery good: and euery thing,
That men call bleſſed: thou that waſt the ſpring,
From whence our looſer groomes drew all their beſt:
Thou that waſt alwaies Iuſt, and alwaies bleſt,
In fayth and promiſe, thou that hadſt the name,
Of vertuous giuen thee, and made good the ſame,
Euen from thy Cradle: thou that waſt that all,
That men delighted in; Oh what a fall,

Is this to haue bene so, and now to bee,
The onely best in wrong, and infamye,
And I to liue to know this and by me,
That lou'd thee dearer then, mine Eyes, or that,
Which we esteemd our honour, virgin state:
Dearer then swallowes loue the early morne,
Or doggs of Chace the sound of merry Horne:
Dearer then thou canst loue thy newe loue, if thou hast
Another, and farr dearer then the last:
Dearer then thou canst loue thy selfe, though all,
The selfe loue were within thee, that did fall,
With that coye swayne, that now is made a flower,
For whose deare sake, Eccho weepes many a shower:
And am I thus rewarded for my flame,
Lou'd worthily to gett a wantons name;
Come thou forsaken willow winde my head,
And noyse it to the world, my loue is dead:
I am forsaken I am Cast away,
And left for euery lazy Groome to say,
I was vnconstant, light, and sooner lost,
Then the quicke Clouds wee see, or the Chill frost,
When the hott sun beates on it, till mee yet,
Canst thou not loue againe thy Amoret;
Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
I must not know ye thee, flinge thy wanton flame,
Vpon some lighter blood: that may be hott,
With words and fayned passions, Perigot,
Was euer yet vnstaynd, and shall not now,
Stoope to the meltings of a borrowed brow.
Amo. Then heare me heauen to whome I call for right,
And you faire twinckling starres, that crowne the night;
And heare me woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad houres, that moue a sullen pace;
Heare me ye shadowes, that delight to dwell,
In horred darknesse, and ye powers of Hell,
Whilst I breath out my last; I am that mayde,
That yet vntainted Amoret that played,
The careless prodigall: and gaue awaye,
My soule to this younge man, that now dares saye,
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;

And

And thus with much beleife, I was beguild;
I am that Mayde, that haue delayd denyed
And almost scornd the loues of all that tryde,
To win me but this swayne; and yet confesse,
I haue bene woed by many with no lesse,
Soule of affection, and haue often had,
Ringes Bells and Cracknels, sent me from the lad,
That feeds his flockes downe westward; Lambes and Doues
By young *Alexis*; *Daphnis* sent my gloues;
All which I gaue to thee, nor these, nor they
That sent them, did I smyle on, or ere lay
Vp to my after memorye, but why,
Do I resolue to grieue and not to dye?
Happy had bene the stroke thou gauest if home,
By this time had I found a quiet roome,
Where euery slaue is free, and euery breast,
That liuing breds, new care, now lyes at rest,
And thether will poore Amoret.

Per. Thou must;
Was euer any man, so loath to trust,
His Eyes as I, or was there euer yet,
Any so like, as this to Amoret;
For whose deare sake, I promise if there be
A liuing soule within thee, thus to free
Thy Body from it. *Hee hurts her againe.*

Amo. So this worke hath end,
Farewell and liue, be constant to thy friend,
That loues thee next.

Enter Satyre: Perigot runes off.

Satyre. See the day begins to breake,
And the light shutts like a streake,
Of subtill fire, the wind blowes cold,
Whilst the morning doth vnfold;
Now the Birds begin to rouse,
And the Squirrill from the boughes,
Leps to get him Nutts and fruite,
The early Larke that earst was mute,
Carrolls to the Rising daye,

Many a Note, and many a laye,
Therefore here I end my watch,
Least the wandering Swayne should catch
Harme, or loose himselfe. *Amo.* ah mee.
Satyre. Speake againe what ere thou bee,
I am ready speake I say,
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of Night and *Pan*;
I inforce thee speake againe.
Amo. O I am most vnhappie.
Satyre. Yet more blood,
Sure these wanton Swaynes are wood:
Can there be a hand, or heart,
Dare commit so vild a part,
As this Murder, by the Moone,
That hid herselfe when this was done,
Neuer was a sweeter face;
I will beare her to the place,
Where my Goddesse keeps, and craue,
Her to giue her life, or graue. *exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steale a broad to doe another Cure,
Pardon thou buried body of my loue,
That from thy side I dare so soone remooue,
I will not proue vnconstant, nor will leaue,
Thee for an houre alone, when I deceiue,
My first made vowe, the wildest of the wood,
Teare me, and ore thy Graue let out my blood;
I goe by wit to Cure a louers paine,
Which no hearb can; being done, Ile come againe, *Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poore Shepheard in this shade for euer lye,
And seeing thy fayre *Clorins* Cabin, dye;
O happlesse loue which being answered ends;
And as a little Infant cryes and bendes,

His

His tender Browes when rowling of his eye,
He hath espyed some thing that glisters nye,
Which he would haue, yet giue it him, away,
He throwes it straight, and cryes a fresh to play
With some thing else: such my affection set,
On that, which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lies; did euer mã but hee,
Loue any woman for her Constancy,
To her dead louer, which she needs must end,
Before she can alowe him, for her friend,
And he himselfe, must needs the cause destroye,
For which he loues, before he can inioye;
Poore *Shepheard*, Heauen grant I at once may free
Thee from thy payne, and keepe my loyalty:
Shepheard looke vp.
Thenot. Thy brightnesse doth amaze,
So *Phoebus* may at Noone byd mortalls gaze,
Thy glorious constancy appeares so bright,
I dare not meete the Beames with my weake sight.
Clor. Why dost thou pyne away thy selfe for me?
Thenot Why dost thou keepe such spotlesse constancy?
Clor. Thou holy *Shepheard* see what for thy sake,
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare vndertake. *he starts vp.*
Thenot. Stay there, thou constant Clorin if there be,
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light: thinke yet before thou speake,
Clor. See what a holy vowe, for thee I breake,
I that already haue my fame farre spread,
For being constant to my louer dead.
Thenot Thinke yet deare Clorin of your loue, how true,
If you had dyed, he would haue bene to you.
Clor. Yet all Ile loose for thee.
Thenot. Thinke but how blest,
A constant woman is about the rest.
Clorin. And offer vp my selfe, here on this ground,
To by dispos'd by thee.
Thenot. Why dost thou wound,

His heart with Mallice, againſt women more,
That hated all the Sex, but thee before,
How much more pleaſant had it bene to mee,
To dye then behold this change in thee,
Yet, yet, returne: let not the woman ſway.
Clor. Inſult not on her now, nor vſe delaye
Who for thy ſake hath venturd all her fame.
Thenot. Thou haſt not venturd but bought Certaine ſhame;
Your Sexes Curſe, foule falſhood, muſt and ſhall,
I ſee once in your liues light on you all:
I hate thee now: yet turne.
Clorin. Be iuſt to mee:
Shall I at once, looſe both my fame and thee.
Thenot. Thou hadſt no fame, that which thou didſt like good
Was but thy Appetite, that ſwayed thy bloud,
For that time to the beſt; for as a blaſt,
That through a houſe comes, vſually doth caſt,
Things out of order: yet by chance may come,
And blowe ſome one thinge to his proper roome,
Soe did thy Appetite, and not thy zeale,
Sway thee by chance to do ſome one thinge well,
Yet turne.
Clorin. Thou doſt but try me if I would,
Forſake thy deare imbraces for my old
Loues, though he were a liue, but doe not feare.
Thenot. I doe contemne thee nowe: and dare come neare,
And gaze vpon thee; for me thinkes that grace,
Auſteritye, which ſatt vpon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others: falſe mayde ſee,
This is the gaine of ſoule inconſtancy. *Exit.*
Clorin. Tis done great *Pan*, I giue thee thankes for it,
What Art could not haue heald, is curd by witt.

Enter Thenot agayne.

The. Will ye be conſtant, yet, will ye remoone,
Into the Cabin to your buryed loue.
Clorin. Noe let me dye, but by thy ſide remayne.
Thenot. Ther's none ſhall knowe that thou didſt euer ſtayne,
Thy worthy ſtricknes, but ſhalt honor'd be,

And I will lye againe vnder this tree,
And pine and dye for thee with more delight,
Then I haue sorrow now to know thee light.

Clorin. Let me haue thee, and Ile be where thou wilt.

Thenot. Thou art of womens race and full of guilt;
Farewell all hope of that sex, whilst I thought,
There was one good, I feared to find one nought,
But since their minds I all alike espie
Henceforth Ile chuse as others, by mine eye.

Clorin. Blest be ye powers that gaue such quicke redresse,
And for my labours sent so good successe,
I rather chuse though I a woman be,
He should speake ill of all, then dye for me.

Actus Quintus.

Scena. 1.

Enter Priest, and old Shepheard.

Priest. Shepheards, rise and shake of sleepe,
See the blushing Morne doth peepe,
Through the windowes, whilst the sunne
To the mountaine topps is runne,
Gilding all the vailes below,
With his riting flames, which grow,
Greater by his climing still,
Vp ye lazy groomes and fill,
Bagg and Bottle for the fielde,
Claspe your cloakes fast lest they yeeld,
To the bitter Northeast wind,
Call the Maydens vp and find,
Who laye longest, that she may,
Go without a friend all day,
Then reward your dogs and praye,

Pan to keepe you from decay,
So vnfold and then away.
What not a Shepheard ſtirring, ſure the groomes
Haue found their beds to eaſie, or the Roomes,
Filde with ſuch new delight, and heat that they,
Haue both forgot their hungry ſheepe, and day;
Knock that they may remember what a ſhame,
Sloath and neglect, laies on a Shepheards name.
Old. It is to little purpoſe, not a ſwayne,
This night hath knowne his lodging, here; or layne,
Within theſe cotes: the woods or ſome neare towne,
That is a Neighbour to the bordering downe:
Hath drawne then thether, but ſome luſty ſport,
Or ſpiced waſſal Boule; to which reſort,
All the young men and maides of many a coate,
Whilſt the Trim Minſtrell, ſtrikes his merry note.
Prieſt. God pardon ſinne, ſhowe me the way that leades,
To any of their haunts.
Old. This to the Meades,
And that downe to the woods,
Prieſt. Then this for mee,
Come Shepheard let mee craue your company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin in her Cabin, Allexis with her, and Amarillis.

Clor. Now your thoughts are almoſt pure:
And your wound begines to cure.
Striue to banniſh all thats vaine,
Leaſt it ſhould breake out againe.

Allexis. Eternall thankes to thee, thou holy mayde:
I finde my former wandring thoughts, well ſtayd,
Through thy wiſe preceps, and my outward payne,
By thy choyce hearbs is almoſt gone againe,
Thy ſexes voice and vertue are reueald,
At once, for what one hurt another heald,
Clorin. May thy griefe more apeaſe,
Relapſes, are the worſt deſeaſe:
Take heede how you in thought offend,
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter

Enter Satyre with Amoret.

Amo. Beest thou the wildest creature of the Wood,
That bearst me thus a way drownd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot iniurd be
I am a mayde, let that name fight for me.

Satyre. Fayrest virgin do not feare,
Me that doth thy body beare,
Not to hurt, but heald to be,
Men are ruder farre then we,
See faire *Goddesse* in the wood,
They haue let out yet more blood:
Some sauadge man hath strucke her brest
So soft and white, that no wilde beast,
Durst a toucht asleepe or wake;
So sweete, that *Adder*, *Nute*, or *Snake*,
Would haue layne fro marme, to arme,
On her Bossome to be warme,
All a night, and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap hearbes to her brest,
A man sure is a kind of Beast.

Clorin. With spotlesse hand, on spotlesse Brest,
I put these hearbs to giue thee rest:
Which till it heale thee, there will bide
If both be pure, if not of slide.
See it falles of from the wound,
Shepheardesse thou art not sound,
Full of lust.

Satyre. Who would haue thought it,
So faire a face.

Clorin. Why that hath brought it.

Amo. For ought I know or thinke, these words my last:
Yet *Pan*, so helpe me as my thoughts are chast.

Clorin. And so may *Pan* blesse this my cure,
As all my thoughts are iust and pure;
Some vncleanesse nye doth lurke,
That will not let my medcines worke.
Satyre search if thou canst find it.

Satyre. Here away me thinks I wind it,
Stronger yet, Oh here they be,

Here here in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals haue I found.

Clorin. Bring them out they are vnsound.

Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.

Satyre. By the fingers thus I wring yee,
To my Goddesse thus I bring ye,
Strife is vayne come gently in,
I sented them, they are full of sinne.

Clorin. Hold *Satyre*, take this Glasse,
Sprinkle ouer all the place,
Purge the Ayre from lustfull breath,
To saue this shepheardesse from death,
And stand you still, whilst I do dresse
Her wound for feare the payne increase.

Satyre. From this glasse I throw a drop,
Of Christall water on the top
Of euery grasse, on flowers a payre:
Send a fume and keepe the Ayre,
Pure and wholesome, sweete and blest,
Till this virgins wound be drest.

Clorin. *Satyre* helpe to bring her in.

Satyre. By *Pan*, I thinke she hath no sinne,
She is so light; lye on these leaues,
Sleepe that mortall sence deceaues,
Crowne thine eyes, and ease thy paine,
Mayst thou soone be well againe.

Clorin. *Satyre* bring the Shepheard nere,
Try him if his mind be cleare.

Satyre. Shepheard come.

Daphnis. My thoughts are pure.

Satyre The better tryall to endure.

Clorin. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burne him if he lust,
But if not, away will turne,
As loath vnspotted flesh to burne:
See it giues backe let him go,
Farewell Mortall keepe thee so.

Satyre. Stay fayre *Nymph*, flye not so fast,

Wee must try if you be chaste:
Heres a hand that quakes for feare,
Sure she will not proue so cleare.

Clorin. Hold her finger to the flame:
That will yeeld her praise or shame.

Satyre. To her doome she dares not stand,
But pluckes away her tender hand:
And the Taper darting sends,
His hot beames at her fingers ends,
O thou art foule within, and hast;
A mind, if nothing else vnchast.

Alexis. Is not that *Cloe*; tis my loue; tis shee:
Cloe, faire *Cloe*.

Cloe. My *Alexis*. *Alexis*: He.

Cloe. Let me imbrace thee.

Clorin. Take her hence, Least her sight desturbe his sence.

Alexis. Take not her, take my life first.

Clorin. See his wound againe is burst,
Keepe her neere heere in the wood,
Till I haue stopt these streames of blood.
Soone againe he ease shall find,
If I can but still his minde:
This curtaine thus I do display,
To keepe the percing Ayre away.

Enter old Shepheard, and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for euer, tis in vaine,
To finde them out, with trouble and much paine,
That haue a Ripe desire, and forward will,
To flye the company of all, but ill:
What shall be counsaild Now, shall we retire;
Or constant follow still, that first desire,
We had to find them?

Old. Stay a little while:
For if the mornings mist do not beguile,
My sight with shaddowes: sure I see a swaine,
One of this iolly troopes come backe againe.

Enter Thenot.

Priest. Dost thou not blush young shepheard to be knowne,
Thus without care, leauing thy flockes alone:
And following what desire and present bloud,
Shapes out before thy burnig sence, for good,
Hauing forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy faining off, and say
Thou art regardlesse both of good and shame,
Spurning at vertue, and a vertuous name:
And like a glorious desperat man, that buies,
A poison of much price, by which he dyes
Doest thou lay out for lust, whose only gaine,
Is foule desease, with present age and paine:
And then a Graue: these be the fruites that growe,
In such hot vaines that only beat to know,
Where they may take most ease & growe ambitious,
Through their owne wanton fire, and pride delitious.
Thenot. Right holy sir I haue not knowne this night,
What the smooth face of Mirth was: or the sight,
Of any looseneſſe, musicke, Ioy and ease,
Haue bene to me, as bitter drugges to please,
A Stomake lost with weakeneſſe; not a game
That I am skild at throghly, nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother then the feete of Time,
Her beauty euer liuing like the Rime,
Our blessed *Tyterus* did singe of yore;
No, were she more entising then the store
Of fruitfull *Summer*, when the loaden tree,
Bids the faint Traueller be bolde and free,
Twere but to me like Thunder gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may incloſe, but neuer stay
Vpon his charmed branches; such am I,
Against the catching flames of womans eye.
Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred.
Thenot. I was a vow,
That drew me out last night, which I haue now,
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to giue
fresh pasture to my sheepe, that they may liue.
Priest. Tis good to heare ye Shepheard if the heart,
In this well sounding Musick beare his part;
Where haue you left the rest.

Thenot

Thenot. I haue not seene,
Since yesternight, we met vpon this greene,
To fould our flockes vp, any of that trayne:
Yet haue I walkt those woods round and haue laine
All this night vnder an aged tree:
Yet neyther wandring Shepheard did I see,
Or Shepheardesse, or drew into myne eares,
The sound of liuing thing vnlesse it were,
The Nightingale, among the thicke leaued spring
That sits alone, in sorrow, and doth sing,
Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owle,
Or our great Enemye that still doth howle,
Against the Moones cold beames.
Priest. Go and beware,
Of after falling.
Thenet. Father tis my care. *Exit Thenot.*

Enter Daphnis.

Old. Here comes another straggler, sure I see,
A shame in this young Shepheard: *Daphnis.*
Daphnis. Hee,
Priest. Where hast left the rest, that should haue bene
Long before this, grazing vpon the greene,
Their yet imprisond flocks.
Daph. Thou holy man,
Giue me a little breathing till I can,
Be able to vnfould what I haue seene;
Such horror, that the like hath neuer bene,
Knowne to the eare of Shepheard: oh my heart,
Labours a double motion to impart,
So heauy tydings, you all know the Bower,
Where the chast *Clorin* liues, by whose great power,
Sicke men and cattell haue bene often cur'd;
There louely *Amoret*, that was assur'd,
To lusty *Perigot*, bleedes out her life:
Forced by some iron hand and fatall knife;
And by her, young *Allexis.*
Enter Ama illis ruuing from her sullen shepheard.
Ama. If there be,

Euer a Neighbour-brooke or hollow tree,
Receiue my body, close me vp from lust,
That followes at my heeles; be euer iust,
Thou god of shepheards. *Pan* for her deare sake,
That loues the Riuers brinks, and still doth shake,
In colde remenbrance of thy quick pursute:
Let me be made a reede, and euer mute,
Nod to the waters fall, whilst euery blast,
Singes through my slender leaues that I was chaste:
Priest. This is a night of wonder, *Amarill*,
Be comforted, the holy gods are still,
Reuengers of these wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessed man,
Honourd vpon these plaines and lou'd of *Pan*:
Heare me, and saue from endles infamy,
My yet vnblasted flower, *Virginitie*:
By all the Garlands that haue crownd that head,
By thy chast office, and the mariage bed,
That still is blest by thee: by all the rights
Due to our god: and by those virgin lights,
That burne before his Alter: let me not,
Fall from my former state to gaine the blot
That neuer shall be purged. I am not now,
That wanton *Amarillis*: heere I vow,
To Heauen, and thee graue father, if I may,
Scape this vnhappy Night, to know the day,
A virgin neuer after to endure
The tongues, or company of men vnpure.
I heare him, come, saue me.
Priest. Retire a while,
Behinde this bush, till we haue knowen that vile
Abuser of young maydens.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
Most loued *Amarillis*: let the chase,
Growe calme and milder, flye me not so fast,
I feare the pointed Brambles haue vnlac't

Thy golden Buskins; turne againe and ſee,
Thy Shepheard follow, that is ſtrong and free,
Able to giue thee all content and eaſe;
I am not baſhfull virgin, I can pleaſe
At firſt encounter, hug thee in myne arme,
And giue thee many kiſſes, ſoft and warme,
As thoſe the Sunne prints on thy ſmiling cheeke,
Of plummes or mellow peaches: I am ſleeke,
And ſmooth as *Neptune*, when ſterne *Eolus*,
Locks vp his ſurley winds, and nimbly thus,
Can ſhew my Actiue youth; why dooſt thou flye,
Remember *Amarillis* it was I,
That kild *Alexis* for thy ſake, and ſet,
An euerlaſting hate twixt *Amoret*
And her beloued *Perigot*: twas I
That dround her in the well, where ſhe muſt lye,
Till time ſhall leaue to be; then turne againe:
Turne with thy open armes and clipp the ſwayne,
That haue performed all this, turne turne I ſay:
I muſt not be deluded.

Prieſt. Monſter ſtay,
Thou that art like a canker to the ſtate,
Thou liueſt and breatheſt in, eating with debate,
Through euery honeſt boſome, forcing ſtill,
The vaynes of any that may ſerue thy will.
Thou that haſt offered with a ſinfull hand,
To ſeaze vpon this virgin, that doth ſtand,
Yet trembling here.

Sullen. Good holyneſſe declare,
What had the danger bene if being bare,
I had imbrac'd her, tell me by your Art:
What comming wonders wood that ſight impart?

Prieſt. Luſt, and branded ſoule;

Sullen. Yet tell me more,
Hath not our Mother *Nature* for her ſtore,
And great increaſe, ſayd it is good and iuſt,
And will that euery liuing creature muſt,
Beget his like.

Prieſt. Yee are better read then I,
I muſt confeſſe in Blood and Letchery:

Now to the Bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer Pennance for his wrong,

Enter Perigot with his hand bloody.

Per. Here will I wash it in this mornings dewe,
Which she on euery little grasse doth strewe,
In siluer dropes against the Sunnes appeare:
Tis holy water and will make me cleere.
My hand will not be cleansed; my wronged loue,
If thy chast spirit in the Ayre yet moue,
Looke mildly downe on him that yet doth stand,
All full of guilt, thy bloud vpon his hand,
And though I strucke thee vndeseruedly,
Let my reuenge on her that iniurd thee,
Make lesse a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew dropes wash away my spot,
It will not cleanse; O to what sacred flood,
Shall I resort to wash away this blood:
Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin*, dwells,
In a low *Cabin*, of cut boughs, and heales
All wounds; to her I will my selfe a dresse,
And my rash faults repentantly confesse:
Perhaps sheele find a meanes by Art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chast blood stayned, fayre,
That done not farre hence vnderneath some tree,
Ile haue a little Cabin built, since shee,
Whom I adorde is dead, there will I giue,
My selfe to strickneese and like *Clorin* liue. *exit.*

The Curtayne is drawne, Clorin appeares sitting in the Cabin, Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Allexis and Cloe on the other, the Satyre standing by.

Clorin. Shepheard once more your blood is stayed,
Take example by this mayd,
Who is heald ere you be pure,
So hard it is lewd lust to cure,
Take heede then how you turne your eye,

On

On these other lustfully;
And shepheardesse take heed least you,
Moue his willing eye thereto,
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sence beguile,
Is your loue yet true and chast,
And for euer so to last?

Alexis. I haue forgot all vaine desires,
All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires,
True loue I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can nere consume.

Clo. And I a newe fire feele in me,
Whose base end is not quencht to be.

Clorin, Ioyne your hands with modest touch,
And for euer keepe you such.

Enter perigot.

Perigot. Yon is her cabin, thus far off ile stand,
And call her foorth, for my vnhallowed hand,
I dare not bring so neere yon sacred place.
Clorin come forth and do a timely grace,
To a poore swaine,

Clorin. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all.
Come neare.

Per. I dare not. *Clorin. Satyre,* see
Who it is that calls on me.

Satyre. Thers at hand some swaine doth stand,
Stretching out a bloudy hand.

Per. Come *Clorin* bring thy holy waters cleare,
To wash my hand.

Clorin. What wonders haue beene here
To night, stretch forth thy hand young swaine,
Wash and rube it whylst I raine
Holy water.

Per. Still you power,
But my hand will neuer scoure.

Clorin. *Satyre,* bring him to the bower
Wee will try the soueraigne power
Of other waters.

Satyre. Mortall sure,

Tis the bloud of mayden pure
That staines thee so.

The Satyre leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth Amoret and kneeling downe: she knoweth him.

Perigot. What e're thou be.
Beest thou her spright, or some diuinitie,
That in her shape thinks good to walke this groue,
Pardon poore *Perigot*.
Amor. I am thy loue.
Thy *Amoret*: for euermore thy loue:
Sticke once more on my naked brest, Ile proove
As constant still, O canst thou leaue me yet,
How soone could I my former griefes forget.
Per. So ouer great with ioy, that you liue nowe
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doeth seaze me; hast thou still power to forgiue?
Amo. Whil'st thou hast power to loue, or I to liue;
More welcome now then hadst thou neuer gone
Astray form me.
Per. And when thou lou'st alone
And not I, death or some lingring paine
That's worse, light on me.
Clorin. Now your staine
Perhaps will clense thee; once againe:
See the bloud that erst did stay,
With the water drops away:
All the powers againe are pleas'd,
And with this new knot are appeasd:
Ioyne your hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hether.

Enter Priest and olde Shepheard.

Clorin. Goe backe againe what ere thou art: vnlesse
Smooth maiden thoughts possesse thee, doe not presse
This hallowed ground, goe *Satyre* take his hand,
And giue him present triall.
Satyre. Mortall stand.

Till by fire, I haue made knowne
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this place,
Holde thy hand vp; neuer was,
More vntainted flesh then this,
Fairest he is full of blisse.

Clorin. Then boldely speake why doest thou seeke this place,

Priest. First honourd virgin to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells, that is; next for to try
The trueth of late report, was giuen to mee:
Those shepheards that haue met with foule mischance
Through much neglect, and more ill gouernance,
Whether the wounds they haue, may yet endure
The open ayre, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly what the doome may be, shall light
Vpon those guilty wretches, through whose spight
All this confusion fell. For to this place,
Thou holy mayden haue I brought the race,
Of these offenders, who haue freely tolde,
Both why, and by what meanes, they giue this bold
Attempt vpon their liues.

Clorin. Fume all the ground,
And sprinckle holy water, for vnsound
And foule Infection ginnes to fill the Ayre,
It gathers yet more strongly; take a paire
Of Censors fild with Franckensence and Mirr:
Together with cold Camphire; quickly stirr
Thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the place beginns
To sweat and labour, with the abhorred sinnes
Of those offendors, let them not come nye,
For full of itching flame and leprosie,
Their very soules are, that the ground goes backe,
And shrinks to feele the sullen waight of black
And so vnheard of vennome; hye thee fast,
Thou holy man, and banniſh from the chast,
These manlike monsters, let them neuer more
Be knowen vpon these downes, but longe before,
The next sunnes rising, put them from the sight,
And memory of euery honest wight.

Be quicke in expediton, leſt the ſores
Of theſe weake patients, breake into newe gores. *Exit. Prieſt.*
Per. My deare, deare *Amoret*, how happy are,
Thoſe bleſſed paires, in whom a little iarre
Hath bred an euerlaſting loue, to ſtrong
For time or ſteele, or enuy to do wrong;
How do you feele your hurts, alaſſe poore heart
How much I was abuſd, giue me the ſmart
For it is iuſtly mine.
Amo. I do beleeue.
It is enough deare friend, leaue off to grieue,
And let vs once more in deſpight of ill,
Giue hands, and hearts againe.
Per. With better will,
Then ere I went to finde, in hotteſt day
Coole Chriſtall of the fountaine, to allay
My eager thirſt, may this band neuer breake,
Heare vs ô heauen.
Amo. Be conſtant.
Per. Eiſe *Pan* wreake
With double vengeance, My diſloyalty.
Let me not dare to knowe the company
Of men, or any more behold thoſe eyes.
Amo. Thus Shepheard with a kiſſe all enuy dies.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Bright Mayd, I haue perform'd your will, the ſwaine
In whom ſuch heate, and blacke rebellions raigne
Hath vndergone your ſentence, and diſgrace:
Only the maide I haue reſeru'd, whoſe face
ſhewes much amendment, many a teare doth fall
In ſorrow of her fault, great faire recall
Your heauie doome, in hope of better dayes
Which I dare promiſe; once againe, vpraiſe
Her heauy Spirit, that neere drouned lies
In ſelfe conſuming care that neuer dies.
Clorin. I am content to pardon: call her in,
The ayre growes coole againe, and doth beginn

To purge it ſelfe, how bright the day doth ſhowe
After this ſtormy cloud, goe *Satyre* goe,
And with this taper boldly try her hand,
If ſhe be pure and good, and firmely ſtand
To be ſo ſtill: we haue performd a worke
Worthy the gods them ſelues *Satyre brings Amoret in*

Satyre. Come forward Maiden, doe not lurke
Nor hide your face with griefe & ſhame,
Now or neuer get a name,
That may raiſe thee, and recure,
All thy life that was impure;
Holde your hand vnto the flame,
If thou beeſt a perfect dame:
Or haſt truely vowd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend,
See the Taper hurts her not,
Goe thy waies let neuer ſpot,
Henceforth ſeaze vpon thy bloode.
Thanke the Gods and ſtill be good.

Clorin. Yonge ſhepheardeſſe now, ye are brought againe
To virgin ſtate, be ſo, and ſo remaine
To thy laſt day, vnleſſe the faithfull loue
Of ſome good ſhepheard force thee to remoue;
Then labour to be true to him, and liue
As ſuch a one, that euer ſtriues to giue
A bleſſed memory to after Time:
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now holy man, I offer vp againe
Theſe patients full of health, and free from paine:
Keepe them, from after ills, be euer neare
Vnto their actions: teach them how to cleare,
The tedious way they paſſe through, from ſuſpect,
Keepe them from wrong in others, or neglect
Of duety in them ſelues, correct the bloud,
With thrifty bitts and labour, let the flood,
Or the next neghbouring ſpring giue remedy
To greedy thirſt, and trauaile not, the tree
That hanges with wanton cluſters, let not wine

Vnleſſe in ſacrifice, or rights diuine,
Be euer knowen of ſhepheards, haue a care,
Thou man of holy life, Now doe not ſpare,
Their faults through much remiſſiues, nor forget,
To cheriſh him, whoſe many paynes and ſweat,
Hath giuen increaſe, and added to the downes.
Sort all your Shepheards from the lazie clownes,
That feede their heafers in the budded Broomes;
Teach the young maydens ſtricknes that the grooms
May euer feare to tempt their blowing youth,
Baniſh all complement but ſingle truth,
For euery tongue, and euery Shepheards heart,
Let them vſe perſwading, but no Art:
Thus holy *Prieſt*, I wiſh to thee and theſe,
All the beſt goods and comforts that may pleaſe.
All. And all thoſe bleſſings Heauen did euer giue,
We praye vpon this Bower may euer liue.
Prieſt. Kneele euery Shepheard, whilſt with powerfull hand,
I bleſſe your after labours, and the Land,
You feede your flocks vpon. Great *Pan* defend you,
From misfortune and amend you,
Keepe you from thoſe dangers ſtill,
That are followed by your will:
Giue yee meanes to know at length,
All your Riches, all your ſtrength,
Cannot keepe your foot from falling,
To lewd luſt, that ſtill is calling,
At your cottage, till his power,
Bring againe that golden howre:
Of peace and reſt, to euery ſoule.
May his care of you controule,
All diſeaſes, ſores or payne,
That in after time may raigne,
Eyther in your flocks or you,
Giue yee all affections new.
New deſires and tempers new,
That yee may be euer true.
Now riſe and goe, and as ye paſſe away,
Sing to the God of ſheepe, that happy laye:
That honeſt *Dorus* taught yee, *Dorus* hee,

That was the ſoule and god of melody.

The Song. *they all ſing.*

All yee woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye vertues, and ye powers:
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleaſant ſprings or bancks.
Moue your feete,
To our ſound;
Whileſt we greete,
All this ground.
With his honour and his name
That defendes our flockes from blame.

He is great, and he is iuſt,
He is euen good and muſt
Thus be honourd: Daffadilles,
Roſes, Pinkes, and loued Lillies.
Let vs ſinge,
Whilſt we ſinge,
Euer holy,
Euer holy.
Euer honourd, euer young,
Thus great Pan *is euer ſung.* *Exeunt.*

Satyre. Thou diuineſt, fayreſt, brighteſt,
Thou moſt powerfull mayde, and whiteſt:
Thou moſt vertuous, and moſt bleſſed,
Eyes of ſtarres, and golden treſſes,
Like *Apollo*, tell mee ſweeteſt,
What new ſeruice now is meeteſt,
For the *Satyre*; ſhall I ſtray,
In the middle ayre and ſtay,
The ſailing Racke, or nimbly take
Hold by the Moone, and gently make
Suite to the pale Queene of night,
For a beame to giue me light?
Shall I dine into the Sea,
And bring thee corrall, making way,

Through

Through the rising waues that fall,
In snowy fleeces? deerest shall,
I catch the wanton Fawnes, or Flyes,
Whose wouen winges the summer dyes,
Of many colours? get the fruit,
Or steale from heauen old *Orphens* Lute?
All these Ile venter for, and more,
To do her seruice, all these Woods adore.

Clor. No other seruice *Satyre* but thy watch,
About these thickes, least harmelesse people catch,
Mischiefe or sad mischance.

Satyre. Holy Virgin, I will dance,
Round about these woods as quicke,
As the breaking light, and pricke,
Downe the lawnes, and downe the vales,
Faster then the Windmill sailes.
So I take my leaue, and pray,
All the comforts of the day:
Such as *Phœbus* heat doth send,
On the earth, may still be friend
Thee, and this Arbor.

Clor. And to thee,
All thy masters loue be free. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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